

The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 8

APRIL, 1927

NUMBER 12

CONTENTS

EDITOR'S PAGE	533
STEPS TO THE ALTAR—(Poem) <i>Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B.</i>	534
EASTER CUSTOMS	<i>Florence Gilmore</i> 535
A REVERY—(Poem)	<i>Hilton H. Jones</i> 536
CUI BONO—OF WHAT USE?	<i>Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B.</i> 537
ORPHAN STELLA	<i>E. R.</i> 540
THE WOUNDS OF JESUS—(Poem)	<i>S. M. E., O. S. B.</i> 543
PSALMS OF THE PASSION	<i>Sr. M. Emmanuel, O. S. B.</i> 544
BENEDICTINES AND REFORM OF GREGORIAN CHANT ...	<i>L. A. McNeill</i> 546
THE COMING OF SPRING—(Poem)	<i>Charles J. Quirk, S. J.</i> 550
GOD'S WAY	<i>Mary Clark Jacobs</i> 551
EUCCHARISTIC MEMORIES IN BIBLE LANDS..	<i>Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B.</i> 553
LOVE'S REMEMBRANCE—(Poem)	<i>Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.</i> 555
NOTES OF INTEREST	557
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS	<i>Clare Hampton</i> 561
CHILDREN'S CORNER	<i>Agnes Brown Hering</i> 563
THE FOUR LAST THINGS—(Poem)	<i>Bertrand F. Kraus, O. S. B.</i> 567
ABBAY AND SEMINARY	567
MAID AND MOTHER	<i>Clare Hampton</i> 569

\$3.00 The Year

25¢ The Copy

THE GRAIL, a national, popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Member of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

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The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year; Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign 50 cents additional.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and the new addresses.

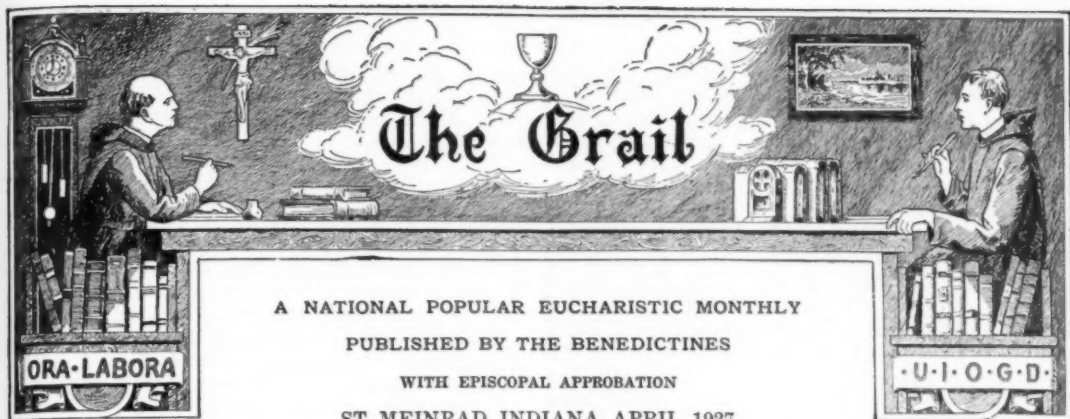
Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to "The Abbey Press."

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"An angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and coming, rolled back the stone, and sat upon it....and said to the women....you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said."—Matth. 28:2.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Another Volume Closed

With our next number THE GRAIL enters upon its ninth year. This issue closes Volume Eight. Our little monthly has made some unpretentious efforts towards progress in the course of its brief existence. Last year our artist designed a simple, yet attractive, cover, which adds materially to the exterior appearance; a few more illustrations were used to improve the looks of the interior. The many kind words of commendation that have been spoken in behalf of THE GRAIL are duly appreciated. If the magazine has acquired any popularity, this is due, in the first place, and in no small measure, to our contributors. To them we owe a word of praise and gratitude.

Immortality is a good for which the human soul naturally yearns. Success in a business venture is the aim of every ambitious man. That the child of his nursing may attain unnumbered years, is the hope of the editor or publisher whose heart is in his work. Yet, in order that his periodical may reach a ripe old age, he will have to acquire many friends, and retain them. To do this, it will be necessary for him to work up a large subscription list. This is a difficulty that confronts practically every publication. How agreeable would be his task if "ye editor" might sit in his sanctum with no other care than to grind out copy by the yard. But if there is no audience for his splashes of genius and wit, his sparkling humor and rounded periods, his eloquent phrases and glowing logic, his energy but spends itself in vain, for his brilliancy will be unable to pierce the impenetrable darkness. If this luminary is to shine, there must be objects of a more pliable type than the sphinxes of Egypt for him to light up. To succeed, then, a periodical must have a subscription list large enough to support itself.

Without circulation there is no life. Dollars—American dollars—form the corpuscles that enrich the life-blood of every healthy magazine and give it proper circulation, without which the publication must die of

anemia. It is imperative, then, to build up a circulation, if one would not go out of business. For a business manager to sit supinely in his swivel chair, waiting for subscriptions to roll in, would be equivalent to a hunger strike, which, in turn, would mean suicide. The ordinary business manager has to get out and hustle for subscriptions. If you like THE GRAIL, be good enough to say a kind word about it to your neighbor. If you help us to increase the number of our readers, you will make it possible for us to be even more generous in helping to educate poor boys for the sacred ministry—the priesthood, also to give more abundant alms to our needy missions. To further priestly and religious vocations, and thus make the continuation of the Eucharist possible, also to be of aid to our Indian missions, is the object of THE GRAIL.

Love—Grief—Joy

The annual recurrence of Holy Thursday, as we close each successive volume of THE GRAIL, always brings to mind the Holy Grail—the Last Supper, with its institution of the Holy Eucharist—the bread and the chalice, which our loving Savior held in His sacred hands, when on that ever-memorable occasion He thought of us with love unutterable. No one can fathom the depths of the love which prompted so great a gift to sinful man, and that in spite of the fact that He was fully aware of all that He was about to endure in His bitter passion and death. His agony in the garden, the betrayal, a night and a day of horrors and torture for body and soul, besides an ignominious death upon the cross—all this, and more, was present before Him. The Holy Thursday Mass is reminiscent of that first Eucharistic Sacrifice in the Cenacle—the upper room.

Friday breaks—a sad and memorable day. How well the sorrow and grief of the Church are depicted in the touching ceremonies that are prescribed by the liturgy. Who that grasps their deep significance can remain unmoved! The altars are without ornamentation, the sacred ministers are vested in black—the Spouse of

Christ is in mourning; prophecies are read, the passion is sung, solemn petitions are made for every rank of men; humble supplications for the conversion of the Jews are not omitted. The crucifix is uncovered and venerated by priest and people; the Blessed Sacrament, which was consecrated on Thursday, and reserved on a side altar, is brought back to be consumed by the celebrant, who does not consecrate at this, the Mass of the Presanctified. After the altars have been stripped of their linens, and Vespers have been recited by the choir, the morning service is over. In some few places there is a service in the afternoon which consists of a sermon, the way of the cross, and a procession in which the instruments of the Passion are carried. In the larger churches, especially in monastic institutions, the office of *Tenebrae* (the Matins and Lauds of the Office for the following day) is celebrated on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings.

Saturday dawns hopeful. The body of the Crucified Savior is in the tomb. At an early hour fire is struck from a flint. This new fire is blessed and with it the sanctuary lamp and the candles are lighted. The Easter candle, typical of the risen Christ, which will stand at the Gospel side of the altar till Ascension, is also blessed. Standing in the sanctuary, the deacon sings the *Exsultet*. Then follows the chanting of the twelve prophecies at the altar. The clergy with the acolytes now go in procession through the church to the rear where holy water and baptismal water are blessed. As the clergy return to the altar the Litany of All Saints is chanted, each petition being repeated by the choir. Then follows the glorious Resurrection Mass with its joyful *Alleluias*. At St. Meinrad a spring lamb, securely fastened in a gaily decorated basket, is brought in at the Offertory of the Mass. The Rt. Rev. Abbot, who assists at this Mass from the throne in the sanctuary, blesses the paschal lamb, which is to be eaten on the morrow.

With Saturday's Mass Easter gladness begins in earnest. The Lenten fast is over at noon. The Pontifical Mass on the morrow, with its joyful music, elevates the mind and fills the heart with delight. Would that all might experience this joy and happiness.

"Practical" Catholics

It is largely due to the circumstances in which so many live that cause them to grow lax in their religious duties. They fall into sin, and consequently neglect to receive the sacraments. It is for such as these that the Church has found it necessary to make laws that oblige them to receive the sacraments at least once a year—in the Easter season. This is the least that she requires to claim them as "practical" Catholics. Yet, how many are there that neglect even his modicum, this least of requirements, and go for years without the sacraments. They are like lifeless branches on a green tree, easily broken off and separated from the parent trunk that once supplied them with life-giving sap—the sacraments, the means of grace. Every truly practical Catholic deplors the lot of the "fallen aways" and those in danger of sharing a like fate. They ought to be

made the subject of our prayers. It should not be forgotten that the Church grants a plenary indulgence to the members of the Apostleship of Prayer who offer up a Holy Communion for these spiritually poverty-stricken Catholics.

The Hard of Hearing

Announcement was made on January 27 by the Children's Bureau of the Labor Department that there are 3,000,000 school children in the United States with defective hearing. We wonder how many of this great number are Catholic, and of the Catholics how many will be placed in institutions where their faith will be safeguarded. Unfortunately we have as yet but few Catholic institutions for the deaf. In many instances parents of deaf children send their little ones to the state schools for the deaf. There they learn lip reading, they are taught to give expression to their thoughts in the sign language, and in some instances those who were without speech, for lack of hearing the spoken word, are shown how to speak mechanically. These children also learn to read and write and acquire an education. But along with the secular learning they also imbibe from their non-Catholic teachers the doctrines of Protestantism, and consequently many lose their faith. This is but a natural result, which we know from experience.

Of the few Catholic schools, which are doing splendid work for the deaf, we might mention that of St. John's

(Continued on page 560)

Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

3. The First Union

What things one likes are not all good,
All peals of laughter ring not clear;
Sweetness can lurk in many a tear,
And there is comfort 'neath the Rood.

'Tis so, a child eight summers old
Feels, as the Holy Week goes by;
He kissed the Feet, and now the sky
Begins to shine with Easter gold.

A trim, neat figure, velvet-clad,
He rises from his silent prayer,
While incense fragrance holds the air,
And to the Banquet goes the lad.

The Easter Lamb is sacrificed,
And now Its mystic Flesh is given,
As pledge of future bliss in Heaven,
To the pure-hearted child of Christ.

Confused and fearsome he had trod
To meet the Lord, but now do flow
Light and sweet beams till heart doth glow:
He knows he has received his God.

Easter Customs

FLORENCE GILMORE

EASTER being the greatest feast of the year it was but fitting that in every Christian country beautiful religious, semi-religious, and secular customs grouped themselves about it during the glorious ages when the Church's festivals were popular gala days. As the long years passed, precious associations made these customs more and more dear to the hearts of the people, so dear that even in countries over which the Reformation cast its kill-joy influence, remnants of them survive to this day. Many of them were true children of the Faith, born of ancient features of the rich liturgy of the paschal tide; the origin of some may be traced to old pagan customs which the ever wise Church, instead of sternly repressing, made to serve her own beneficent purposes.

From the ninth to the thirteenth century every day in Easter week was a holyday, in many dioceses; later, only Monday and Tuesday were so solemnly observed, and since the close of the eighteenth century Monday alone. In the United States even it is not a holyday of obligation.

Long, long ago France, Germany, and certain other countries, not including Rome, adopted beautiful ceremonies to fill the gap between the services of Holy Saturday morning and the Mass on Easter Sunday; for instance, the Holy Sepulchre was visited in this wise: After part of the night office had been chanted, two of the clergy, representing the holy women, went to an improvised tomb where a third cleric, impersonating the angel, announced to them that Christ was risen. The two then hurriedly carried the joyous tidings to the choir, whereupon two priests, taking the parts of Peter and John, ran to the sepulchre, and finding it empty, displayed to the people the linen wind-sheet in which—supposedly—the Sacred Body of Christ had been wrapped. The choir then sang the *Te Deum* and the *Victimæ Paschali*.

In some churches, in preference to this ceremony, the apparition of Christ to Mary Magdalen was represented, and this custom was the germ of many an Easter play. In the beginning such plays employed only the words of the Gospel and the *Victimæ Paschali*; as the years passed, and the Moralities developed, they became regular dramas, in Latin or vernacular verse, into which were introduced the bargaining of the women for the aromatic spices, the race of Peter and John to the sepulchre, and other features of like nature. In time they became almost entirely secular, abounding in

burlesque scenes in which the salve dealers, soldiers, demons, and Jews both good and bad, heroic and comic, played prominent parts.

In certain cities of Spain it is customary for two processions to leave the principal church before sunrise, on Easter morning. At the head of one the Blessed Sacrament is reverently carried; the central figure in the other is a statue of our Blessed Mother enveloped in a black veil. They move silently in different directions, until they meet at some appointed place, when the veil is removed from the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and the clergy and people together sing the *Regina Coeli*.

A custom peculiar to South American countries is still observed in Cuba and probably elsewhere. Early in the morning of Easter Sunday an imposing procession leaves the cathedral. At its head there is a life-size figure of Christ, showing the open wounds in His hands, feet, and side, which is carried by men hidden beneath the curtains of an elaborately decorated pedestal. It is followed by a large number of priests and acolytes, holding lighted candles in their hands, and by a detachment of soldiers. The procession moves to the accompaniment of exquisite music.

From another point a second procession starts at the same moment, escorting a statue of St. Mary Magdalen; and at a predetermined corner the two meet. An apparent recognition instantly takes place between Christ and Mary Magdalen, and she is made to run down the street, her hair flying to the wind, to meet a statue of the Blessed Virgin, to whom she is supposed to tell the glad tidings of the Resurrection. The two return together, and bow low before Christ; then, the procession makes its way to the church from which the Marys came. For the occasion, our Blessed Mother is always dressed in a bright-colored satin robe, trimmed with gold, and she always wears a golden crown upon her head. St. Mary Magdalen wears some sort of blue dress, only less costly and elaborate than the Blessed Virgin's.

In schismatic Russia the Easter celebration, both religious and secular, is elaborate and is very dear to the hearts of the people. At midnight of Easter eve the exquisite bells in the tower of Ivan Veliki, in the Kremlin, are to be heard at their best. The tower is beautifully illuminated, and around it, in the vast square below, there are many booths, laden with cakes, each one of them with a taper in it.

After the principal Mass of Easter Sunday the Metropolitan solemnly announces that

Christ is risen. He then moves slowly around the church kissing the altars, the statues, and all the icons, while the people kiss their relatives and friends. Afterwards, dishes of food are placed on the floor of the aisles, leaving room for the priests to pass back and forth to bless it. Cheeses decorated with flowers are to be seen there, and large loaves of bread, colored eggs, lumps of sugar, and pots of honey. These delicacies are to be eaten at the Easter breakfast feast, which is a joyous celebration after the rigidly observed fast of Lent.

For some days after Easter Sunday the usual greeting among friends and acquaintances is "Christ is Risen"; and between Easter and Ascension hospitality is extended to all wayfarers, even by the very poor, because Christ is supposed to be wandering about during those forty days, and He might be refused in the guise of one of His unfortunate brethren.

A peculiar Easter custom originated in Bavaria in the fifteenth century. Preachers began to insert funny stories into their Paschal sermons, making their congregations to laugh whole-heartedly. They always concluded by drawing a moral; but as time passed and the custom became widely popular, the laughter grew more and more uproarious, the moral was less and less forcibly pointed, until the practice became a real abuse, and was condemned by Pope Clement X in the seventeenth century.

Perhaps, because until comparatively recent times, the use of eggs was forbidden throughout Lent, they were always eaten on Easter morning, colored red to symbolize the joyousness of the feast. Some scholars think that this custom originated in pagan times, for eggs have always been used as an emblem of the germinating life of early spring. In any case, it is a very widespread observance, being found in the Orient, as well as in the West; and in both the Oriental and Latin churches it was long customary to bless all the foods which had been forbidden during the Lenten season of penance—meat, eggs, butter, and cheese—before they were eaten on Easter morning. It was believed by the superstitious that those who ate before the food had been blessed would be signally punished by God.

A custom of undoubted pagan origin, once in honor all over Europe, was the lighting of Easter fires on the mountain tops—new fires started with a flint. In some localities a figure representing Winter was thrown into the fire; but in more Christian-minded communities it was Judas who was punished thus. The Church adopted the observance into her Easter liturgy, making it to symbolize the fiery column in the desert and the Resurrection of Christ.

In France and Germany handball playing was a popular Easter amusement. The ball was

considered to represent the sun, which was said to take three leaps in rising on Easter morning. As a relaxation, after the strict discipline of Lent, bishops, priests, and monks used to play ball during Easter week, and masters played it with their servants. The game was connected with a dance in which even bishops and abbots took part. In some cities of France the dance was performed within the churches to the accompaniment of the *Victimae Paschali*. The custom spread to England where the municipal dignitaries took part in it, and until very recent years the game was still played, with great zest, by twelve old women.

Other strange old customs were peculiarly English. On Easter Monday the women had the right to strike their husbands; on Tuesday, the men struck their wives. In the northern provinces the men paraded the streets on Easter Sunday, claiming the right to lift every woman three times from the ground, and they expected a kiss or a sixpence in return. The next day the women had their turn—but *could* they lift the men?

Because, from very early times, the hare was considered to be a symbol of the moon, and the date of Easter is regulated by her phases, the hare has always been featured in Easter celebrations; then, too, it was a pagan symbol of fertility. Hares being almost unknown in this country, it is the rabbit that is credited with laying the eggs which play so big a part in children's happiness at Easter time.

In the United States, staid New England was last to adopt the celebration of Easter. The Puritans abhorred it, as they did Christmas and all other joyous and *popish* things. Presbyterians were first among American non-Catholics to honor the day. They began by having Easter services and decorating their churches. The exchanging of Easter cards is more universal in this than in any other country of the world: a custom, semi-pagan or beautifully religious as it is, used to rejoice over the death of winter and the coming of spring, or the Resurrection of Christ, Our Lord.

A Revery

HILTON H. JONES

Watching, I saw the golden glory of the day as it died,
And the coming of the crimson and the gray eventide,
Slowly the velvet blackness of the night filled with fear,
Covered Earth and Sky, far and near, and I sighed,
For the Stars shone bright and clear like a tear.
And I thought of the soul imprisoned in life's clay,
Waiting, ever waiting, for the coming of the Resurrection Day.

Cui Bono---Of What Use?

The Advantages of the Religious Life

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

THE boys of St. Joseph's still played ball, but many were the walloppings they had gotten of late. Joey Hern, the sure left fielder, and young rival of Babe Ruth at the bat, joined them only on rare occasions now. Gossip would have it that Joey was "sore," or perhaps he was sick; at any rate he wasn't looking so well now; or possibly he had "something up his sleeve." Joey Hern only smiled.

"What's the matter with you boys of late?" queried Father Gilbert one day: "Can't you play ball any more?"

"Yes, Father," answered Larry Clark, "we could if our star player hadn't gone back on us."

"Star player? Joey?"

"Yes, Joey, Father."

"Oh, he is getting ready to join another league."

"He is?"

"Don't you know that Joey is preparing to become a religious and eventually a priest?"

"Of all things! what has gotten into his head anyway? But what about the other league?"

"Keep cool. He is going to play ball the rest of his life."

"If I know anything about it, Father, baseball is going to be the last thing where you say he is going."

"Isn't a ball game a contest?"

"It surely is and a lively one at that, Father."

"Job calls life a warfare. This is true especially of Christian life which St. Paul likens first to a foot race and then to a boxing match. Now, in religion the struggle is even more intense and the victory surer."

"How is that, Father? I don't get your meaning."

"Let me first give

you the line-up. Religious as well as all other Christians are always at the bat. This need not seem strange, for Christ would never give His adversary such an advantage over His followers. The enemy is permanently in the field. The pitcher is the devil himself, who is constantly twirling the balls of temptation, and the catcher is the evil inclination of the individual in whose glove the pitcher tries to throw the balls. The threefold concupiscence, that is, the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, supplies the players at the bases. As short-stop we have the pitcher who, owing to his cleverness, is also able to support the basemen. The world, with its bad example, its open hostility, and its charming allurements takes care of the outfield. Thus, you see, the opposing team presents a formidable array. For that very reason it is so desirable to belong to the league of the religious. Now, let me ask, what is generally the chief support of the battery?"

"Well, a strong infield."



If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come follow me.—Matth. 19:21.

"In the same way the chief obstacle to the salvation of all of us is the infield of the threefold concupiscence backed up by the shortstop, the devil. Therefore, you see the wisdom of the Church in demanding of religious that they make the threefold vow; poverty to counteract the influence of the concupiscence of the eyes; chastity to restrain the concupiscence of the flesh; and obedience to curb the pride of life. Thus, religious declare an endless war upon these enemy basemen and their colleague, the shortstop."

"How do these vows give assurance of victory?"

"Vows that are seriously made give the will a powerful vitality which enables the religious to make many a score. Various factors are responsible for the victory: a man who takes a pledge that binds him in conscience feels the obligation of keeping this pledge, and every vow is such a pledge; there is attached to these vows, if faithfully kept, the promise of future life and, if seriously violated, the threat of eternal punishment. In this way both hope and fear cooperate in winning the game. Besides this, the vows are made for the love of God who supports their observance by His grace. Moreover, religious usually live in such environments and play the game amid such circumstances as will keep them more or less aloof from the danger lines and from the peril of being blocked by the basemen or of being caught out by the outfielders. What is the second aid to winning a ball game, Larry?"

"Well, Father, I should want to make sure of the umpire. He'd have to be fair and I should like to have a 'stand in' with him."

"This is all provided for in the present game. Christ Himself is both the manager and the umpire. It is evident that He is always fair and gives everyone his dues. As to His friends, He not only decides in their favor but first procures for them the ability to play with credit. Religious are His special friends: it was at His bidding, when He gave them their vocation, that they followed Him into the cloister; it is their ambition to model their playing after the pattern which He worked out for them when He sojourned here in the flesh; it is their privilege to live under one roof with Him; it is their endeavor to enter His immediate presence frequently during the day, be it at early morn when they assist at His renewed immolation and partake of the banquet which He spreads for them, or be it at other hours of the day when they return to commune with Him in intimate prayer. Hence, here is the real source of their victory, for here they repair their waning strength and they return each time reinvigorated for the continuation of the game. This is St. Bernard's meaning when he speaks

of the religious as being refreshed with more frequent graces. Possibly you have other suggestions to make?"

"There must be a reliable coach."

"Yes, you need a coach and you have one also in religious life. The coach of every religious institute is the superior. He is reliable, for he is guided by the best rule book, namely, the Gospel, which is applied by the Holy Rule, the constitutions, and the time-honored traditions of the Order. In a flawless game there must be no errors. Errors are the things that count against you. There will be no error, at least on the part of the player, so long as he obeys the coach. This is all the more the case in religion because the coach takes the place of Christ, who said expressly: 'He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me.' The case is, often quite different when the game is played out in the world. How frequently people say: 'If I only knew what were best in this situation.' The religious knows absolutely what is best, as soon as the coach has given the hint, of course, always barring any command evidently contradicting the law of God. Oh, what a feeling of security results from this knowledge! For this reason St. Bernard could well say: 'Is that not a holy state in which a man rests more securely?'"

"Father, don't forget the team work."

"Ah, perhaps you think that is missing in our game. Be assured it is not. That is precisely one of its strong features in community life. In every well regulated religious house there is harmony of purpose and harmony of method, the right coordination and subordination, and the bond of charity and mutual understanding. The one goal of all is the victory which is to be won by the glorification of God, the edification of neighbor, and the sanctification of self. But you must not think that the hardships of ball players can be dispensed with in religion. No, they are quite essential. There must be exertion, trials, violence to self, and at times even temporary disappointments. 'Ora et labora—pray and work' is the motto of the old monastic order. Why, if these traits were missing, where would the cross of Christ come in? Does He not say: 'Whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after Me, cannot be my disciple'? However, the expert player finds zest in these very incidents; he turns them to good account and lets them serve as hardeners of his constitution and as harbingers of future victories."

"Father, whilst you were just now speaking I couldn't help thinking that some ball players get hurt."

"Yes, accidents will happen. When they do happen we are fortunate if we have some one

near who will apply first aid. In religion there are always mascots with first aid kits at hand. If the accident is physical, be it bodily injury or sickness, be it weakness, or helplessness in old age, the charitable hands of brethren are ever active and their warm hearts always throb with sympathy. As to the spiritual or moral mishaps, though the religious is not immune, yet he is to a great extent safeguarded; his seduction and more distant separation from the outfield, that is from the allurements, example, and hostilities of the world, from its dangers, storms, and quicksands, together with his easy access to the sacraments and divine service, the frequent recourse to prayer and spiritual reading, the example and encouragement of zealous brethren, serve as so many spiritual masks, chest protectors, shin guards, and arm pads, all preservatives against spiritual injury. It is true, that ordinarily batters do not employ so much equipment but it is well to play safe when facing such a dangerous pitcher. St. Paul, too, speaks of the spiritual armor: the breastplate, the shoes, the shield, and the helmet. Should, in spite of all these precautions, any player receive a spiritual wound, sprain, or strain, ah, there is the first aid on the spot: paternal correction and fraternal consolation, salutary penance and fervent prayer with all the other medicinal aids of religion. In this respect Solomon says: 'If one shall fall he shall be supported by the other: woe to him that is alone, for when he falleth he hath none to lift him up.' Now you will understand why St. Bernard says: 'A religious lives more purely, falls more rarely, rises more quickly, and walks more prudently.'

"There seem to be some good points in this ball game of yours, Father, but you did not say a thing about a salary. Some of our big league players pocket thousands of dollars every season. Why, just a few weeks ago Babe Ruth pledged himself to play for the next three years at an annual salary of \$70,000."

"Larry, their thousands dwindle into nothing when placed beside the thousands that the players in this higher league draw daily."

"It's a big inducement you offer, Father," exclaimed the lad with enthusiasm as though he had been awakened out of a dream.

"Larry, is it earthly lucre that appeals to you? Well, we shall see the nature of this inducement. The offer is not mine but Christ's own. When St. Peter asked our Lord what he and the rest would get for signing up with his league, after leaving all things, Christ, answering, gave out the form of the contract: 'Every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, father, or mother for my name's sake shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting.' Clearer still is the promise to the rich

young man: 'If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me.'"

"What is meant by the hundredfold, Father? Does it mean that if you leave \$100 in the world you will receive \$10,000 in return?"

"No, your mathematics are wrong. In this game we do not calculate in dollars and cents. The hundredfold, in part, includes the necessities of life, such as food, clothing, and shelter. There's that sunshine in your face again. You think it's all a snap. But remember that I said, 'the necessities of life.' St. Paul's words are to the point here: 'Having food and wherewith to be covered, with these we are content.' No superfluities are promised. In fact they would not be in keeping with the vow of poverty. The only reason why this provision is made for religious is, on the one hand, that being less distracted by temporal cares, they might the more exclusively concentrate their mind on things eternal and, on the other hand, that they might the better realize how God's generosity exceeds their own sacrifice. However, this is only a small fraction of the hundredfold which cannot be measured by earthly values. The greatest boon which any person can possess in life is internal peace, perfect contentedness. This is the lot of every good religious. His is a peace that surpasseth all understanding. Mind well, as I hinted before, that the religious state is not incompatible with trials. Nay, it thrives best at the foot of the cross. Whilst tears of sorrow may stream down from our eyes, there may be the profoundest peace in our hearts. Roses are beautiful, but they are seldom without thorns. His training has taught the religious to take the proper view of the vicissitudes of life, and the grace of God is there to help him cling permanently to this correct view."

"Last year my cousin went to the convent. I was opposed to her going. She wanted a surer way of getting to heaven. Is that right?"

"Larry, before you asked that question, you knew that she was right, provided she had a true vocation. Didn't I just quote to you our Lord's own promise of 'life everlasting' and of 'a treasure in heaven.' Isn't this promise a sufficient pledge? Besides, we know that the greater one's sacrifice for eternal salvation and the more persistent one's efforts to attain it, so much the surer is its acquisition. No sensible man can deny that, generally speaking, the sacrifice of religious is greater and their efforts towards salvation more persistent. We might call life everlasting the certain bonus, the unfailing pension, held out to the veteran ball player in religion. The game lasts unto death. But, oh what a death! The sequence upon a

(Continued on page 556)

Orphan Stella

From the French of Louise Hauti res, by E. R.

CHAPTER 6

FAREWELL TO THE FOXES' CAVE

AFTER this long recital of the history of his past life, and of how he had come into possession of the helpless babe, Donato stopped for a few moments to take his breath, but seeing how deeply interested the Countess appeared to be, he continued the narration.

"The critical situation of Antonio and Juanita caused me much anxiety. I owed a deep debt of gratitude to the young couple, who had received me as a brother when I was a homeless wanderer and I longed to help them in return, but, alas, in my suffering and exhausted state I could give them no assistance, while, on the other hand, the child they had entrusted to my care required all my attention. It would have been inhuman to have left her alone in this underground vault. Pressed with hunger, I went to the spot Juanita had shown me, and there I found a chest filled with food of all sorts and also some wine. Placing my little charge gently on the ground, I made a good meal and then offered some to her, but she would not touch what I gave her at first, but later on, perhaps being hungry, she took it. I then began to look and see what could be done for the comfort of the little prisoner. I collected a bundle of dry moss and straw with which I made a bed in the most sheltered corner of the cave and covered it with my old cloak. There I laid her down and she soon fell into a profound sleep quite delighted with her improvised couch.

"Several days went by in peaceful security; my wounds were fast healing and Stella appeared to be quite at home in her strange surroundings. To pass the time I occupied myself in making toys out of some bits of wood that were lying about and gave them to her to play with. She was delighted and they served to keep her amused all day.

"In the meantime I was planning how we could get out of the cave. I was longing for air and exercise and poor little Stella's cheeks were growing pale from the close confinement. So one day I resolved to remove the great stone that closed the entrance and make our escape, when all of a sudden a fearful uproar broke out just over our heads. We were evidently in danger. They had either found my track, or discovered my place of refuge. The situation was not reassuring. I made Stella understand she must remain very quiet, and the poor little pet cuddled herself up, like a kitten in her corner,

stifling her sobs, and kept as quiet as a mouse till the search was over. The tumult was awful. The mountains reechoed with the shouts of the soldiers, the stamping of the horses over hard rocks and the discharge of firearms. Sometimes even the sound of voices reached my ears which added to my alarm. Nevertheless the entrance to our cave, hidden by thick brambles and foliage, fortunately remained undiscovered, but the fear that it might be, at any moment, kept me in an agony for three whole days, which seemed like a century. Then all became quiet as before.

"To add to our misfortunes, the provisions were diminishing. Another week of siege, and famine would set in. Yet I waited some days longer, fearing a ruse of the enemy. Happily my fears were unfounded. No sound was to be heard save the cries of wild animals and the howling of the wind through the fissures of the surrounding cave. I thought I might venture out on a tour of inspection. All was quiet and still, no sign of life was visible save flocks of birds flying gaily in the air, a sure sign, as I knew by experience, for birds detest the smell of powder, that the enemy had retired.

"That evening when Stella was sound asleep, I cautiously removed the great stone from our entrance, crawled forth, and ascended the mountain on hands and knees, which were torn and bleeding when I reached the top, whence I gained a magnificent view of the horizon.

"The moon, half obscured by light clouds, shed her pale rays around; all seemed safe, so I took the well-known path to a large farm on the mountain side, where I was known and whose owner I had often obliged and who, I felt sure, would assist me in my distress. As I drew nearer, I was surprised to perceive no signs of habitation. The dogs did not run out as formerly barking a joyous welcome. With a heavy heart I made the round of the yards and buildings. All were deserted. Solitude reigned supreme. Filled with despair and overcome by hunger, disappointment and fatigue, I burst into tears and dropped almost fainting on the ground. Suddenly the lowing of a cow, close at hand, sounded in my ears, it gave me fresh courage and, rising, I made at once for the stable, where I found two young heifers fastened to the stall. I stroked them gently, and seeing they were friendly, I filled a large vessel, standing near, with their warm fresh milk. It was but the work of a few moments, and I drained it off in one long draught. Feeling

much restored, I filled the bowl a second time and hastened back to our cave, fully resolved to repeat my visit every night for the future.

"Stella was still asleep when I returned, but when she awoke I offered her the milk. She was delighted and tried in her baby way to thank me.

"All went on smoothly for some time. I was very much on my guard, but one night I made a great mistake that might have had serious consequences. Anxious to obtain some more nourishing and substantial food, I ventured down to a small hamlet, situated in a wood on the mountain side. I got to the middle of the village without any trouble, but the inhabitants had retired to rest. All was still. My heart sank at the thought of returning empty handed. However, I went on and came to a baker's shop. The door was partly open and a most tempting odor of new bread issued invitingly forth. I took a few steps forward, when out rushed a big black dog, barking furiously. In a few minutes the whole village was in commotion. Doors and windows were thrown open and the population poured out armed with guns and pistols to capture the intruder. Judging by the haste with which I made off, that I had evil intentions they fired shot after shot in my direction, but thanks to my speed and knowledge of the paths I escaped without injury. But the alarm had been given, and I realized the danger I was in. The only thing to be done now was to leave the mountain without delay. Besides, Stella's health was giving me cause for anxiety. The close confinement of the cave was telling on her constitution. Each day she seemed to grow paler and paler. A complete change to more airy surroundings and better food had become an absolute necessity.

"Nevertheless prudence required that I should remain concealed until the alarm occasioned by my nocturnal appearance had passed.

"Then again, I was expecting every day a visit from Antonio or Juanita. The child was theirs and I thought they would come to claim her, but if, as now seemed probable, they had perished in the fray, then Stella was mine and I was bound to provide for her existence. I knew not how to act!

"At last the situation became insupportable and I determined at all costs to sally forth and make inquiries among the peasants, to whom Antonio was well known, and find out the truth. So I started off one stormy night, well disguised, regardless of the rain which was falling in torrents, and a mind that shook the trees like feathers. I scrambled on over rocks and rivulets till I reached a cave on the mountain side, where I intended to rest. As I drew near the sound of voices caught my ear. I crouched down close to the entrance to hear what was

said. Through the fissures in the rocks, I could distinguish, by the lightning flashes two young shepherds and I caught the word Antonio. They were speaking of him. I was in luck this time!

"I always feel uneasy when in this part of the forest," said the youngest.

"Why?" asked his companion, 'What is there to be afraid of?"

"They say that the brigand chief, Antonio, is not dead and that he roams with his followers about these parts."

"You may be at ease on that score, José, he will trouble us no more. He has paid the price of his evil deeds, and the dead do not return."

"And is it known what has become of his young wife, Juanita?"

"She was shot standing at his side. Poor young woman, she deserved a better fate."

"And what about his companions?"

"When the serpent loses his head, there is naught to fear from the tail."

"Do you know what has become of the little child they carried off with them?"

"No. It is said she was thrown down a precipice, poor little innocent, but until now no trace of her has been discovered and so the Marchioness continues her search day and night. She may probably be in our neighborhood at this moment."

"On such a night as this? Why not even a dog would venture out."

"I waited no longer. I had heard enough to make me free to act, and, hastening back, I once more reentered the cave by the underground passage, and commenced to prepare for our immediate flight. The hurricane favored my project. The coast was clear. Fastening the money, Juanita had given me, securely in my belt, I wrapped up Stella as warmly as possible and placed her comfortably in my peddler's wallet, which had served me in many a journey, strapping it firmly on my shoulders. I left the foxes' cave forever, taking care to fasten the entrance with a huge stone.

"Notwithstanding the tempest, I made great progress, and when the first pale rays of the rising sun were gilding the mountain tops, and the storm had ceased, I could rest for a little while, to give some food to my small companion, and to renew my strength with a delightful plunge in the stream near where we were seated.

"A new day had begun and for me almost a new existence. A sweet sensation of fatherly affection had taken possession of my heart. I was once more at liberty and a father. Never had life appeared to me so fair, and with a light step I hastened on, heedless of every obstacle.

"For three days I continued my course. Forest succeeded forest, mountain after mountain,

and valley after valley, and not one human being crossed our path. Still I pressed on, fighting fatigue in the hope of soon reaching Brindisi, the port I had in view, and I succeeded. A sudden turn in the road brought me face to face with a young man, who in reply to my questions told me where I could purchase some provisions, and that I was not far from the town.

"This news filled me with joy. Now there was security for myself and my adopted child.

"Brindisi, this cosmopolitan center, where strangers of all nationalities swarm, was of all places the one best suited in which to pass unnoticed, but great prudence was necessary in order to avoid the attention of the military and the custom house officers, always on the alert.

"I was not ignorant of the formalities that had to be gone through and knew that travellers were strictly examined before being allowed to take their passage on the steamers. This I was most anxious to avoid, yet desirous to leave Italy without delay. I made every effort to pass unnoticed among the crowd on the quay, and by a bold stratagem succeeded.

"At the entrance of a small tavern stood a gay company of gypsies and travelling musicians preparing for departure. The chief of this wandering tribe, whom I recognized as such at once by his attire and by the ascendancy he seemed to exercise over the rest, was passing from one to another giving his orders for the journey.

"Union and concord reigned amid this band with their fanciful attire and strange vocabulary. Leaning carelessly against an arch of the embankment was a young woman of oriental beauty, holding a baby in her arms, while several little children, of various ages were grouped around her, their happy faces beaming with affection and trust.

"As I watched the scene, an idea suddenly struck me. Approaching the chief, who was seated in a corner of the quay, I asked him to receive me into his troupe.

"'Impossible, Sir,' he replied, puffing the fumes of his cigar right into my face. 'We are complete. Our places are taken on the packet and we are just about to start. And who are you to offer yourself, at first sight, to the chief of the best organized troupe in the whole peninsula?'

"'I can speak five or six languages, Signor,' I replied, drawing myself up proudly, 'I can swallow a dagger and toss a hundred-pound weight into the air, catching it in my outstretched hand as it falls.'

"'Well, that's not bad. And, taken all together, you seem a decent sort of chap, so I'll give you a chance, and now you may consider yourself as one of us, but I must warn you, that our

affairs are not in a prosperous condition and you may have to feel the pinch.'

"'That won't trouble me. If you can pay me for my daily work, I shall be quite satisfied.'

"'All right. Where's your baggage?'

"'On my shoulders. All I possess in the world is there.'

"'Well, try now to slip in adroitly among the company and pass with them over the gangway. Here, take my cap, its plumes will make you look more like one of us, and give me yours. And good luck to you.'

"I pressed his pointed cap well on my head and drew the brim down over my forehead and ears, then, thanking him warmly for his kindness, I slipped in among my new companions and was fortunate enough to pass unnoticed on to the deck of the steamer.

"Going down to the cabins, poor little Stella, who until then had remained as quiet as a mouse, began to move uneasily in her box and called 'Father, Father,' in her most pleading tones, which put me into an agony of terror, but fortunately was not noticed in the universal tumult. As soon as I had found my hammock, I placed her there carefully enveloping her in the counterpane. However, I saw it was an absolute necessity to reveal her presence to my new companions, before they saw her at my side, so I resolved there and then to disclose my little fraud to the chief. Turning at that moment, I found him at my side. 'See, Signor Paulo, I have doubly defrauded the customs. Here is a merchandise worth its weight in gold.'

"'Are they jewels?'

"'Yes, one of great price, judge for yourself, Signor,' and on removing the cover, Stella's charming little face appeared.

"'At the sight the Italian could not contain his admiration. 'What a beautiful little creature! And what a lovely prima donna she will make some day. Is she yours?'

"'Yes, she is mine and I would die rather than be separated from her.'

"'And who wants to take her from you? You and your child are now part and parcel of my big family, but on condition that you make yourself useful. We all work for the common good. Little and great, young and old, each does his bit and does it willingly.'

"'That's well, Signor, and I promise to do my best to bring grist to the mill, but it must be a long time before she can add a penny to the common purse.'

"'We have other little ones, she can be brought up with them, under Leonora's tender care. The young woman you saw on the quay in the midst of her small family. She looks after the children and your child will be quite happy with them.'

"All had now turned out beyond my wildest

expectations and I soon settled down as one of the troupe, determined to do my best to repay the chief for his kindness and generosity. Leonora opened her heart to my little Stella and she soon became her favorite. As to her young companions, they simply worshipped her and were her most obedient slaves.

"My time was now well employed in the exercises of my profession and I soon surpassed all the jugglers and acrobats of the troupe. Nevertheless my wages were absurdly small, but thanks to poor Antonio's purse, I was able to get along and to provide for Stella's most pressing needs. I let her want for nothing. She rapidly developed in intelligence and vivacity, but owing to the habit she had contracted of coiling herself up in her box when sleeping, she remained small and slender. In vain I tried to persuade her to lie on a mat, or straw, like the other children, she would never consent, so I had to let her have her own way.

"When we changed our encampments, she would never jump on to the vehicles, that carried the baggage, like the other children, but stood quietly in her place, unmindful of the hubbub, until I came to hoist her onto my shoulders, and once installed on that prominent position, she had a dominating view of the whole caravan and would sing like a bird. Then passing her arms round my neck, she would cover my face with kisses.

"We had been about two years in Constantinople when one of our companions insulted a Turk. The matter was taken up by the authorities, and we were obliged to leave the city. To add to our misfortunes the chief, Signor Paulo, fell ill and died in a miserable part of the outskirts of the town. This was a terrible blow to us all and finally led to the breaking up of the entire company. I set out for France, traveling quietly, day by day, carrying Stella on my shoulders and with Antonio's purse in my belt. I traversed Turkey, as I had already traversed Calabria, enduring the same privations, the same fatigue, and anxious thoughts. Paulo's passports, which I had the good fortune to possess, would be a safeguard at the frontier, but I had every reason to fear the minute inquiries of the Austrian police. But once more I had the good fortune to reach the confines of Montenegro without any serious obstacle. On the way here poor little Stella got the measles, accompanied with high fever and delirium. I had the good fortune, in my distress to meet with hotel keepers who were kindness itself to the poor child, nursing her as if she were their own and showing me the greatest consideration.

"Seeing that Stella's illness might be of long duration and that I was anxious to continue my journey, they proposed that I should leave the little invalid with them until she was entirely

restored to health. Under the circumstances, I had no alternative but to yield to their wishes; so thanking the good couple for their kindness and generosity, I departed, happy in knowing I was leaving Stella in safe keeping. I started for Vienna in the hope of obtaining some employment that would suffice for our support and enable us, later on, to get to France."

(To be continued)

The Wounds of Jesus

S. M. E., O. S. B.

Wounds of Jesus! Gates of Life!
Wells of saving grace!
Fountains of my hope, in You,
All my trust I place.

Jesus, in Thy Wounded Hands
Thou hast graven me,
Mayst Thou in my heart and hands
Sealed and graven be.

Wounded Hands of Jesus, take
My poor hands in Thine,
Bless, and cleanse, and consecrate
Every work of mine.

Wounded Feet! with Magdalene,
Here shall be my place;
With her tears of contrite love,
I these Wounds embrace.

Opened Heart of Jesus! pierced
Fount and Source of Love,
Let me ever dwell therein,
Like the nestling dove.

Risen Jesus! Thee we know
By Thy Hands and Feet,
By the ruby of Thy Side,
Five love-tokens sweet.

Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Let me kiss Thy Head,
Sins of thought to charm away
By those thorn-wounds dread.

Let Thy Face, sweet suffering Lord,
On Thy servant shine;
Teach me thus Thy ways of love,
Lord and Lover mine.

Wounded Shoulder of my Lord,
Win for me this grace
That with great and willing heart
I my cross embrace.

Cross of Jesus! Comfort me
Thro' life's dreary way,
Safe and sure the path to God,
Lighted by Thy ray.

Psalms of the Passion

* SR. M. EMMANUEL, O. S. B.

THE use that the Church makes of the two Psalms 21 and 68 in the Liturgy of the Passion have familiarized most of us with many passages from these Psalms, but perhaps we have not sufficiently realized the insight which these inspired songs might give us into Our Lord's Sufferings, were they separately and specifically pondered.

PSALM 21

Perhaps in the whole of the Scriptures there is no such clear and detailed prophecy of Our Lord's Passion, His Crucifixion: "they have pierced My Hands and My Feet." The mocking of Our Lord on the Cross: "All they that see Me jeer at Me!" His death-thirst: "My tongue cleaves to My jaws." The division of His garments: "They parted my garments among them, and on my vesture they cast lots." Cassiodorus says: "This Psalm seems to be rather a history (of past events) than a prophecy (of future ones).

But it is, above all, the mind of Our Lord in His Passion which is here revealed, His mental anguish, His prayer, His attitude to His Father. Anna Catherine Emmerick tells us that in her ecstasies she heard Our Lord on the Cross repeating to Himself words from this Psalm and from the 26th, which were then being fulfilled in Him.

THE PLAIN OF THE CRUCIFIED

1. The Psalm opens with Our Lord's very words: "My God, My God why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (See also Mark 15:34.)

Considered as a whole, the Psalm may be divided into two parts: the first from verse 1 to 22—a supremely mournful plaint, accurately describing the sufferings of the Messiah; and the second, from verse 22 to 32—a triumphant act of thanksgiving. The first part can then be considered The Plaint of the Crucified, and the second, the Song of the Risen Lord.

2. "Far from my deliverance are the words of my groaning." There is, as it were, an abyss between my prayer and my deliverance, because God, who alone can save Me, remains deaf to my prayer.

3. "My God, I cry in the daytime, but Thou answerest not, and at night I am not silent," i. e., I cease not to pray day and night.

4. God was not always thus deaf to the prayers of His servants in distress. "Yet Thou, O Holy One, art throned on the praises of Israel."

5. "Our fathers trusted in Thee: they trusted and Thou didst deliver them."

6. "They cried to Thee and were rescued; they trusted in Thee and were not put to shame."

7. How different is the fate of the Divine Sufferer on Calvary! He now enumerates His woes in a reverent complaint to His Father: "But I am a worm, and a nobody"—the likeness of humanity is, as it were, crushed out of Him by His tortures. I, too, cry to God, and I trust in Him, but to *Me* He turns a deaf ear—"A reproach of mankind, and a scorn of the people." Now comes a most vivid description of the mocking of Our Lord as He hung in His death agony, and He discloses in these prophetic words how by these taunts His Heart was wrung with anguish.

8. "All that see Me jeer at Me, they open the lips, (i. e., open the mouth wide to laugh and scorn Him), they wag the head"—another gesture of scorn. (See Matth. 27:39, and Mark 15:29.)

9. (Saying) "Commit it (His cause) to God, He will deliver Him. Let Him rescue Him, since He delights in Him." These very reproaches, word for word, were addressed to Our Lord by the Jews. (See Matth. 27:43.)

10. The Divine Sufferer draws out reasons why even in this utter abandonment God may still come to His aid—He cannot forget that God is His Father. "But Thou art my taker—out of the womb, making me to hope on the breasts of my mother."

11. "Upon Thee was I cast from the womb, Thou art My God from my mother's womb." These are allusions to God's true Fatherhood of Him as Man; He is His Only-begotten Son; the Virginity of His Mother. God alone was His Father. And so Christ calls on Him for help as His real Son.

12. "Be not far from Me, for trouble is near, for there is none to help."

13. The reflection on His close union with His Father has comforted the Divine Sufferer and He now describes the sufferings of His Soul and Mind from the coarse cruelty and brutality of His enemies. They can only be compared to wild beasts. "Many bulls have compassed Me. Strong bulls of Bashan have surrounded me." Their fierceness, their physical strength are compared to the exhausted condition of the helpless Victim. The bulls of Bashan do in fact surround any object which has excited them, and attack it with their horns.

14. "They gape upon Me with their mouth

as a ravening and roaring lion." The Divine Victim dwells upon His physical sufferings, His weakness and exhaustion as compared with the coarse ferocity of His tormentors.

15. "I am poured out like waters, and all my bones are out of joint. My heart is like wax, it is melted in the midst of my bowels."

16. "My strength is dried up like a potsherd and my tongue cleaves to My jaws"—the terrible thirst of the Crucified. But it is after all only by God's permission that His enemies have been able to do all this. "And *Thou* hast brought Me into the dust of death." He emphasizes once more the cruel ferocity of His executioners.

17. "For many dogs have compassed Me, the crowd of evildoers have encircled Me." And now comes the most important prophetic passage—"they pierced My Hands and My Feet,"

18. "I may count all my bones." The long drawn-out dying by inches of the Crucifixion would, indeed, enable Him to feel each bone and joint by the agony each endures by distention and dislocation, and thus He may count them, by feeling the pain in each one. Now we find described one of the greatest of tortures to the sensitive soul of the Divine Victim—the exposure to the insolent gaze of the coarse rude multitude on Calvary. "They looked and stared upon Me."

19. "They parted my garments among them: and on my vesture they cast lots." A prophecy fulfilled to the letter. (See *Matth.* 27:35, and *John* 19:23.) In the midst of His tortures, the Divine Son never loses sight of His Father. We learn His spirit of prayer and dependence on Him.

20. "But Thou, O God, be not far off; O my strength, haste Thee to help Me."

21. "Deliver my soul from the sword; my only one (my one life) from the power of the dog."

22. "Save Me from the lion's mouth: Thou wilt surely answer Me (and deliver Me) from the horns of the buffalos." Though "buffalo" is translated "unicorn" the sense is saved by pluralizing the animal as well as its appendages. Figurative terms for cruel and brutal men.

THE SONG OF THE RISEN LORD

Now begins the second part, the Canticle of the Resurrection. The Sufferer merges into the Risen One.

23. "I will declare Thy Name to my brethren (the Jews). In the midst of the church (the Gentiles) I will praise Thee," and so on in a strain of praise and rejoicing till the end. The Savior sees the future glories of His Church purchased by His Precious Blood. But this we are not here directly concerned with, as our thought centers on the Sufferings of Our Lord. We may pass to

PSALM 68

This Psalm, together with the twenty-first, is the most frequently quoted of any portion of the Old Testament, in the New. They are both unquestionably Messianic, that is to say, prophetic of Christ.

Psalm 68 describes above all the mental sufferings of Our Lord, His forsakenness, His loneliness, His abandonment by His friends, His desolation, and sinking of heart. It may be considered as falling into three well-marked divisions:

Verse 1-19: a mournful plaint and trustful prayer;

20-23: anathema of persecutors;

23-37: a song of hope and promise of thanksgiving.

THE PLAINT

The plight of the Divine Sufferer is described in a series of vivid and touching images.

2. "Save Me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul." But prayer ever predominates in the Mind of the Victim. His word is "Save Me, O God."

3. "I sink in deep mire and find no foothold; I am come into depths of waters and the flood overflows Me."

4. "I am weary with my shouting; my throat is dried up; Mine eyes fail, waiting (as I do) for My God."

5. The Divine Victim of our sins now describes His Sufferings of mind without figure. The number of His enemies, their power, His own innocence and helplessness. "More than the hairs of my head are they that hate Me without cause. My would-be destroyers (being) mine enemies without reason are mighty; then I restored (that) which I took not away." What a depth of meaning is here. What Supreme irony on the lips of God! (See Gospel of St. John 15:25.)

6. Our Lord now speaks in the person of the sinners whose guilt He has taken on Himself. "O God, Thou Knowest *My* folly; and *my* guiltinesses are not hidden from Thee."

7. "Let not them that wait on Thee be ashamed through Me, God of Hosts. Let not them that seek Thee be made to blush through Me, God of Israel."

8. It is for God that He suffers—a touching complaint. "For on *Thy* account I have borne reproach. Confusion has covered My Face."

9. "I am become estranged from my brothers: and an alien to the sons of my mother."

10. "For the zeal of Thy House hath eaten Me up and the reproaches of them that reproach Thee are fallen upon me." (See Gospel of St. John 2:17.)

13. "They that sit in the gate speak about
(Continued on page 555)

Benedictines and Reform of the Gregorian Chant

LEON A. MCNEILL

MUSIC has always been the handmaid of the Sacred Liturgy of the Catholic Church. Since the liturgy is public worship of Almighty God, it is only fitting that the devotion of the heart should swell forth in the majestic expressiveness of sacred song. The liturgical chant lends added dignity to divine services and nourishes the spirit of prayer in the souls of the assembled worshippers.

The official form of sacred music, and that alone which the Church prescribes for the liturgical services, and prints in her liturgical books, is Gregorian or Plain Chant. It is called Gregorian because it was revised and cast into classic mold by the great Benedictine Pontiff, Gregory I (590-604). It is called Plain Chant because of its austere simplicity compared to the more elaborate forms of musical composition. "Plain Chant is characterized fundamentally by the equal time value of its notes and by its free rhythm. The Chant has developed out of the text of the liturgical prayer which it adorns, and to which it is always subservient. For we must not forget that Chant is essentially 'Prayer sung—not music rendered.'"

There are two other kinds of sacred music which are approved by the Church for use at divine service, Polyphonic Chant, which reached its greatest perfection at the hands of Pierluigi da Palestrina (1526-1594), follows the rules and spirit of the Plain Chant, but enhances its simplicity by the introduction of different voices. Pius X in his famous Motu Proprio of Nov. 22, 1903, writes as follows: "The classic polyphony agrees admirably with Gregorian Chant, the supreme model of all sacred music,

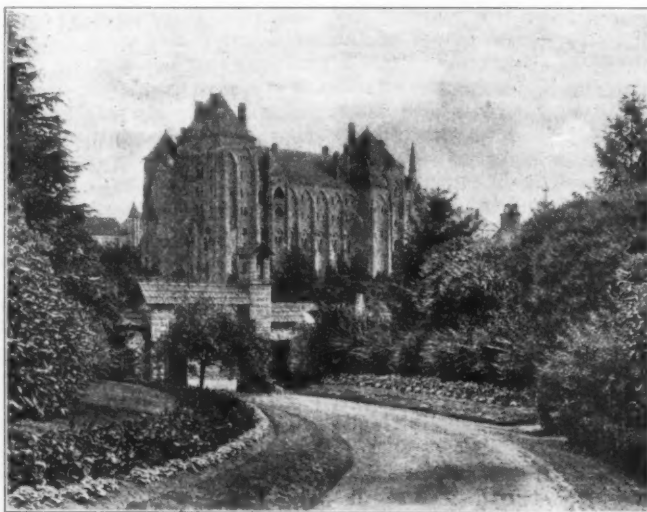
hence it has been found worthy of a place side by side with the Gregorian Chant in the more solemn functions of the Church, such as those of the Pontifical Chapel."

The third form of approved sacred music embraces all appropriate contributions of modern musical art. In the words of the Motu Proprio referred to above, "The Church has always recognized and favored the progress of the arts, admitting to the service of the cult everything good and beautiful discovered by genius in the course of ages—always, however, with due regard to the liturgical laws. Consequently, modern music is admitted in the Church, since it, too, furnishes compositions of such excellence, sobriety, and gravity, that they are in no way unworthy of the liturgical functions."

In this paper we purpose to speak of the Gregorian Chant which "is the chant proper to the Roman Church, the only chant she has inherited from the ancient fathers, which she has jealously guarded for centuries in her liturgical codices," and which "has always been regarded as the supreme model for sacred music." We shall first sketch briefly the history of Gregorian Chant down through the Christian ages, and then deal more at length with the important chant reform of the past seventy-five years. How large a part of the work of restoration was

accomplished by the sons of St. Benedict will appear in the course of the article.

We may conveniently divide the history of Plain Chant into five periods. The first period extends up to the year 600. Even during the very first centuries of her existence, the Church undoubtedly made use of music in connection with divine services, but it is impossible to give any very definite



ABBAYE SAINT-PIERRE DE SOLESMES

idea as to its character. St. Paul makes mention of psalms and hymns and sacred songs. The Church adopted whatever was appropriate for her purpose from the art of the Jews and of the various nations of the Gentiles, especially of the Greeks. We know that at Milan during the fourth century there was a definite form of chant used at divine services and that the people were confirmed in the true faith by means of hymns sung in common. During this period, the Plain Chant was gradually evolving under the influence of the Holy Ghost, abiding in the Church, and according to the genius of the Christian faith.

The second period extends from 600 to 1000, and these four centuries may be called the golden age of the Plain Chant. Reliable history bears witness that Gregory I (590-604) revised the liturgical music of the Church at Rome and gathered the various melodies together in classified order. From Rome the Plain Chant was carried to England by Benedictine missionaries and was spread over continental Europe largely through the instrumentality of these lowly monks who converted the barbarian peoples. "The liturgical movement inaugurated by Charlemagne (742-814) resulted in the spread of the Roman Chant throughout France and Germany. The chief schools, founded by Roman cantors, were at St. Gall and at Metz."—*Grammar of Plainsong*, Benedictines of Stanbrook.

The third period may be dated from 1000 to 1600. The productions after the eleventh century are lacking in the simplicity, naturalness, and warmth of feeling which characterized the earlier compositions. The introduction of harmony marked a significant departure from the simple unison singing of the chant. At first it took the form of rendering the same melodies with exactly the same intervals but at different pitches of voice. The first crude efforts for enrichment of the Gregorian melodies slowly passed over into part singing or polyphonic chant, but the ancient melodies, now called *Cantus Firmus*, were preserved almost intact up to the end of this period. The epoch of artistic polyphony began with the opening of the fifteenth century and reached its acme of perfection at the hands of Palestrina in the sixteenth century. The complex and majestic compositions of this time, written for four, five, and six voices, tax the abilities of our best-trained choirs to-day. This embellished form of the Chant, inspired as it was by deep-rooted faith and by an abiding spirit of true devotion, is well adapted to the grandeur of the most solemn church services.

The fourth period of the Plain Chant may be fixed at 1600 to 1850. The spirit of the pagan Renaissance led to a disparagement of the sim-



DOM PROSPER GUERANGER, O. S. B.

ple chants of the ancient church. The Gregorian melodies, devotional and austere, were either abandoned altogether for the more elaborate forms of music or were shamefully mutilated in accord with the aesthetic standards of the Renaissance era. The principles on which Gregorian Chant had been founded were either unknown, misunderstood, or contemned. The genius of the truly Christian music, which had flowered forth in the ages of faith, was no longer understood; the elevating purity of its simple character was no longer appreciated; and its peculiar fitness for divine service was no longer realized. This is the period during which the choir was turned into a public stage, whereon theatrical stars performed for the entertainment of the audience while services were held at the altar. The spirit of the concert hall had invaded the sanctuary and the holy place was profaned by sensuous secular art.

The fifth period, which may be opened with 1850, still continues. It is a time of reform. Although the baneful spirit and practice of the age of decadence has lapped over even to our own day, nevertheless serious attempts at reform began about the middle of the last century. The reform falls into three quite distinct divisions, and it is well to note these in order to obtain a clear idea of the necessary but almost appalling task which confronted all true

lovers of sacred music. First, it was imperative to restore the genuine text of the Gregorian chant of the Roman Church, which had been so neglected and abused that it was impossible to determine it from the scant and discordant versions extant. Secondly, the aesthetic principles according to which chant was composed, and the rules for its proper execution, had to be rediscovered. Otherwise, it would be impossible to appreciate the intrinsic genius of the plain music, and its native beauty would be marred by faulty rendition. Thirdly, the sensuous music of the modern period had to be driven from the temples, and the choir once more made to serve as a modest, humble, and devout handmaid of the sacred functions accomplished at the altar.

We shall here treat especially the first division of chant reform, the restoration of the traditional Gregorian text, laying emphasis also upon the second phase, the rediscovery of the aesthetic principles of plain chant. Although many zealous workers have made their contribution toward the attainment of these goals, the major portion of the task fell upon the shoulders of the Benedictine monks of Solesmes Abbey in France.

The old Priory of St. Peter at Solesmes, founded in 1010, famous through the stormy centuries which reached their riotous climax in the Protestant Reformation, was suppressed by

the Constituent Assembly in 1791. The venerable house of prayer and virtue lay abandoned for a period of forty-two years. In 1833 Abbé Prosper Louis Pascal Guéranger with five associates, originally secular priests, again took possession of Solesmes. The Priory was raised to the dignity of an Abbey in 1837 with Dom Guéranger as Abbot of Solesmes and Superior of the restored Gallican Congregation of Benedictines. This holy abbot entertained a love for the liturgy and made the Liturgical Apostolate the chief work of his long and eminently fruitful career.

Dom Guéranger was grieved at the mutilated condition of the chant texts, and deputed Dom Jausions, one of the members of the community at Solesmes, to prepare reliable chant books for the monastic choir. This was shortly after 1850. Dom Jausions undertook the work with zeal and enjoyed the able assistance of Dom Pothier, who was professed at Solesmes in 1860. The work was gradually taken over by Dom Pothier, who spent some years visiting the libraries of Europe to consult ancient manuscripts of Gregorian chant. In 1883 Dom Pothier published his "Liber Gradualis," the result of twenty-four years of intensive study. Its text, which had been determined by recourse to the ancient codices, rested upon the principle that the genuine text of Gregorian Chant—at one time a finished and fixed masterpiece of sacred art—should be restored to its pristine integrity, and that when manuscripts of different periods and places agreed on a version, it could be affirmed that the Gregorian text had been discovered. Dom Pothier continued by degrees to publish the Liber Antiphonarius, then the Processional, Responsorial, and other works.

Perhaps a balanced estimate of Dom Pothier's work lies in the statement that was a far-reaching step in the direction of complete restoration of the genuine Gregorian text, but that the paucity of available manuscripts and the disregard of some important rules of critical scholarship made it unsatisfactory as a finished product. As defenders of different versions of the chant vigorously attacked the Solesmes editions, it became necessary to furnish the critical apparatus of the restored melodies and to continue the work of reform so zealously begun.

The next prominent figure in the chant school at Solesmes is Dom André Mocquereau. Already an accomplished musician, he entered at Solesmes, was professed April 9, 1877, and ordained to the holy priesthood December 28, 1879. He was given charge of the monastic choir, which he soon made a model chant Schola. He was initiated in the work of chant reform by Dom Pothier. In 1889 he began pub-



DOM JOSEPH POTHIER, O. S. B.

lication of the periodical "Paleographie Musicale." In this organ he brought to light the evidence to support the texts of Dom Pothier. From the defensive he passed over to the offensive, pointing out that extant versions of the chant were full of many errors, and insisting that the only proper solution of the question lay along the lines followed by the Solesmes monks—in once more obtaining the pure and unadulterated Gregorian text as it had flourished and was handed down through the Middle Ages.

Dom Mocquereau resumed the study of ancient manuscripts and for some time visited various European treasure troves in person. Then other monks were sent out to obtain photographic copies of the chant manuscripts, while Dom Mocquereau remained at Solesmes, examining and collecting the fruit of their journeys. He built up a corps of ten or twelve skilled monks to assist him in the work. The critical school this time followed the laws of the most exacting scholarship and every little detail proceeded according to plans outlined by the master. Synoptic tables of the various melodies were drawn up, and in these the history of the entire passage even down to its neums and individual notes could be followed readily through the manuscripts of different times and places. The fruit of this patient and exhaustive study was constantly published in the "Paleographie Musicale" that students far and wide might be able to verify for themselves the texts of the Solesmes editions of liturgical music and might further be able to derive the most benefit from the researches made.

The cultivators of sacred music began to swing over to the support of Dom Mocquereau's critical school. In 1901 the labors of the Solesmes monks received the highest recognition from Pope Leo XIII. In his letter of May 7, 1901, to Dom Paul Delatte, O. S. B., Abbot of Solesmes, he wrote, "We are aware, and have elsewhere expressed our commendation of the diligence you have so ably devoted to the study of those sacred chants traditionally ascribed to the authorship of Gregory the Great.

"In like manner, we cannot but express our approval of your well known labors, so industriously and constantly renewed, in collecting and publishing ancient documents bearing on this subject. We see the varied prints of these labors in the many and most welcome volumes which you have been so good as to present us from time to time. And now, as we hear, these works are everywhere receiving the attention of the public, and in many places are coming into daily use."

In 1903 the Solesmes monks were driven out by the French government. They moved to England, establishing themselves on the Isle of

Wight and transferring thence the entire equipment of the critical chant school. In 1904 Pope Pius X named Dom Pothier, then Abbot of St. Wandrille Abbey in Belgium, President of a Pontifical Commission which was to prepare an official Vatican Edition of liturgical melodies. The same holy Pontiff, in his letter of May 22, 1904, entrusted the preparation of the chant texts to the Solesmes monks, writing as follows, "We wish it to be the work of the congregation of which you are the superior, and especially of the community of Solesmes, in their own manner and method, to go through the entire records, now existing, and when they have thence elaborated and arranged the materials of this edition, to submit them to examination and approval of those whom we have appointed."

The work was at once enlarged and intensified and thousands of photographic copies of the ancient manuscripts poured into Appuldurcombe House on the Isle of Wight. Neither labor nor expense was spared to accomplish this high mission in the most efficient manner possible. This work is now almost done. In the intervening years the following liturgical books have appeared in typical editions, issued from the Vatican Press, declared official by special decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and declared binding throughout the Latin Church:



DOM ANDRE MOCQUEREAU, O. S. B.

Graduale Sacrosanctae Romanae Ecclesiae, 1908; Officium Defunctorum, 1909; Cantorinus Romanus, seu Toni Communes Officii et Missae, 1911; Liber Antiphonarius, 1913; Martyrologium Romanum, 1913; Officium Majoris Hebdomadae et Octavae Paschatis, 1922; Rituale Romanum, 1925.

Dom Mocquereau, by his close and exhaustive study of the ancient manuscripts, was able to determine many of the principles by which the authors of Plain Chant were guided. This gave him a deep appreciation of the true beauty of the chant and a norm according to which the chant should be rendered. In 1910 the free rhythm advocated by the Solesmes School as the traditional and only proper rhythm of Plain Chant was declared by the Holy See as binding upon all. Dom Mocquereau's doctrines for the execution of the Gregorian Chant have received wide acceptance.

In our own country the Pius X Institute of Liturgical Music, founded in 1918 in New York City by Mother G. Stevens, R. S. C. J., and Mrs. Justine B. Ward, teaches Gregorian Chant according to the principles discovered and interpreted by Dom Mocquereau. Mrs. Ward spent nine months at Quarr Abbey on the Isle of Wight when the monks of Solesmes lived there in exile. Later on, after the monks had returned to the ancient Abbey of Solesmes in France, in 1922, Mrs. Ward visited them again. She became not only thoroughly conversant with the teachings of the greatest living authority in the field of Plain Chant and familiar with the actual rendition of chant by the long-standing model Chant Schola of the world, but she imbibed deeply the prayerful atmosphere of this Benedictine community. Thus prepared for her task, she wrote a book in which she made an admirable adaptation of Dom Mocquereau's doctrines, and drew up the Justine B. Ward method of teaching chant. This method, used for nine years in the Pius X Institute, has produced most gratifying results. Children have been taught to render Gregorian Music according to the mind of Pius X in a manner hardly considered possible a few years back. Special courses are arranged for teachers who come to the Institute from all parts of the country, and who return to their respective homes to apply the method in their schools. In 1922 Dom Mocquereau conducted lectures during the summer session, and the large number of priests, sisters, lay teachers, and ranking musicians in attendance, attest not only the standing of the Institute and the authority of Dom Mocquereau, but also indicate the general and sincere interest being shown in the Plain Chant. During the summer of 1927, lectures will be given at the Institute by Rt. Rev. Paul Ferretti, O. S. B.,

President of the Pontifical Institute of Sacred Music in Rome.

Dom Mocquereau is now a white haired veteran. The storms of almost seventy eight years have passed over his head. But when the last sweet echoes of chanted praises of the Most High die out in the vaulted roof of the beautiful Abbey Church at Solesmes, and the venerable monk kneels for a last silent prayer before retiring from the choir stalls, he thanks God that the same beautiful chants are now reechoing in the sanctuaries of churches throughout the whole world. And we, as we kneel in prayer before the altar of God, lift up our hearts in gratitude that the Holy Spirit, working in His Church, saw fit to inspire followers of the great Saint Benedict with a holy zeal for the return to the sacred music of the Ages of Faith, and imbued them with persevering energy to carry the momentous task of restoration of the Gregorian Music to so successful a conclusion.

God's Way

(Continued from page 552)

the confessional, John Clayton drew his arm through that of his mother, the mother he hardly knew and who had been so strangely restored to him, to take her to the hotel where other Easter gifts awaited her, precious treasures that would rob the years to come of the loneliness that had been her portion in the past, a daughter, the wife of her boy, and their two children.

The Coming of Spring

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Around, about, unheard, unseen,
Are Spring's small cohorts of bright green;
His tiny liege-men, 'neath the sod,
Wait the command of their young god,

When forth they'll rush in mighty showers
Of green grass spears and bannered flowers,
To win back earth from Winter's thrall,
And throne their Prince 'mid festival.

But first of all, when time is nigh,
Spring sends bird-aeroplanes on high,
To bring to our hearts, faithful still,
The news of Spring behind the hill;

To tell us, locked in ice and snow,
That Spring shall Winter's reign o'erthrow;
And sends to us, lest we forget,
His sacred pledge—the violet.

So let us now look to that time
When days shall run as smooth as rhyme;
When Spring shall wed with Princess May,
And bring back Summer's holiday!

God's Way

MARY CLARK JACOBS

THE eve of Easter, gay and green, with newly budded leaves and thin blades of grass; brave, with the glad, young zephyrs of April fighting the somber relics of December; hopeful, with the birth of Spring shrouding the bier of winter, just as the glories of the resurrection followed the sorrows of Good Friday.

Twilight was weaving its filmy, mystic veil of unreality, as Father Berling came down the stone steps of the church, a bit slow of step, still stiff after the long hours of confinement in the confessional. He felt that he could do justice to the warm supper his housekeeper had waiting for him, then a good cigar and a half hour of rest, ere he resumed the wrestle with Satan in an effort to reclaim every sinner from his grasp.

But there was little rest for the priest that evening, for scarcely had he drained the last drop of the cup of delicious coffee—coffee such as only old Annie could make—when the bell rang and he followed his housekeeper into the room into which she had taken the visitor.

She was a stranger to him, a nurse, he knew, as he caught sight of the white uniform beneath the long coat, with a rim of graying hair fringing the simple dark turban, and a pleasant smile that was reflected in the large, dark, deep, understanding eyes.

She arose to greet him.

"Father, I am Mrs. Agnes Sprong—a Catholic. I have come from St. Catherine's Hospital with old Mr. Marcum, one of your parishioners. Although he has not recovered, he insisted on returning to his home, and his family thought it best to humor him, and they brought me along to take care of him."

"I'm glad to have you with us," Father welcomed the lady, "even though it be but a temporary visit. I'll see Mr. Marcum Monday morning."

Then, Mrs. Sprong announced the object of her visit.

"Father, I lost a bag this afternoon—or rather in some way I exchanged my bag for another. My bag is of black leather and contains a brass crucifix, candlesticks, blessed candles, linens and such things?"

"A sick outfit? You carry such a case with you?"

"Yes, Father, I have carried it with me for years."

"A splendid practice. Many times, I have been sadly inconvenienced for lack of just such necessities. You've given me an idea. I think

I'll whisper to Sister Mary Margaret of the Nurse's Training Hospital that such an emergency religious case would be proper equipment for every Catholic nurse."

"The contents of that bag have served at many deathbed scenes, and have often been a consolation to the living as well as to the dying; but they are dear to me for far more intimate reasons. Father, if you should hear of such a bag being found will you please phone to Mr. Marcum's residence and I will be glad to return to the owner the one which I must have picked up by mistake."

When the lady departed, Father lit a cigar and stretched himself for a few minutes of relaxation but even this was to be denied to him, for again the bell tingled and old Annie brought in a gentleman.

"Good evening, Father. Clayton is my name. I've been in this city for two weeks, supervising the installation of new furnaces in the mills. I'm staying at the Vinton Hotel."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Clayton. Sit down and have a cigar."

"I hoped to get through this week end and spend Easter with my family at home," the man explained as he lit the cigar. "When I found that the work would require another week's time, I wired Mrs. Clayton to bring the babies—we have two children—to this city. Perhaps you'll think me silly"—the priest shook his head at the suggestion—"but Mrs. Clayton and I are rather young—we're like children ourselves, I guess, when it comes to celebrating holidays. So after sending the telegram, I took my bag and hurried up town to do some shopping, Easter baskets, colored eggs, rabbits, and such things for our babies."

"Fine!" Father beamed his approval.

"On the street car, on my way back to the hotel, I placed the bag on the floor at my feet and lost myself in a newspaper. When I left the car, I picked up what I thought to be my bag—one almost identical—and did not know I had the wrong one until Mrs. Clayton and the children arrived and I opened the bag to show Jackie and Helen the treasures I thought I had for them."

Mr. Clayton bent over, snapped the clasp and drew open the bag.

"See here, Father. A crucifix, candlesticks and such things." He held up a brass cross, somewhat tarnished with time. Just beneath the feet of the crucified Savior was a dent in the cross, bending the upper part of it forward.

"I thought the owner, being of your faith, might announce the loss through you."

"As a matter of fact, the owner did exactly that," the priest smiled. "She left this room not five minutes before your arrival. She, too, is a stranger here, a nurse caring for an invalid in the next block. I'll phone her and very soon, the bags will be exchanged and in the custody of their proper owners."

Father turned to the telephone on his desk. When he had phoned the lady, he faced his guest to tell him that she would come at once. The man was still holding the crucifix in his hands and in his eyes was a curious baffled expression.

"Father, I've the queerest feeling—the strangest sensations about this cross."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. It is strangely familiar and this dent brings a picture to my mind," he closed his eyes and continued to speak in a murmur, so low that the priest had to bend forward to hear. "It is a most vivid picture of a small boy hanging in the air—clinging to this cross—screaming for aid."

"Hum. Your mother. . . ."

"I don't remember my mother—know nothing of my parents or relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton adopted me when I was eight years of age from an orphanage. Records said my parents were dead."

"Ah, here is Mrs. Sprong," Father said as the bell rang again.

When the lady came in, he introduced the young man who had lost his children's Easter baskets, then asked:

"Mrs. Sprong, the crucifix is bent, I notice. How did it happen?"

The lady hesitated as she took the cross from the man.

"It happened a long time ago—twenty-four years ago to be exact when my boy was five years of age. The crucifix and candlesticks stood on the top of a large chest of drawers. One day my little son wanted something from the top drawer and climbed upon a chair to get it. He managed to pull out the drawer when the chair tipped and in falling, he must have grasped the crucifix, which, slipping from the top, wedged itself between that and the open drawer. When I ran to him, in answer to his screaming call for help, he was hanging in the air, clinging to the crucifix and the cross was bent where the edge of the drawer held it—as you see it."

"O—h!" the man arose and with face pale and twitching gazed at the lady.

"Your son?" Father asked. "Your son is a man now."

"My son!" a choking sob was strangled in the answer. "I don't know where my son is. Shortly after the incident of which I just told

you, my husband died and I was compelled to support myself and boy. I took up nursing. My husband's mother wanted my child, she had been most devoted to both her son and grandson, though she disliked me because she believed I had coerced her son into embracing the Catholic Faith at our marriage. One afternoon she called for my boy to take him walking—and I never saw my child again. I traced my mother-in-law to a distant city, reaching there three days after her death and I could find no clue to my boy. I heard he had been placed in an orphanage—but never located it."

"Mrs. Sprong, is there any way—any mark by which you could identify your son now—if he were living?" Father asked. "Perhaps a scar or some imperfection at birth? I suppose he is now about. . . ."

"He would be twenty-nine," answered the woman. "But why do you ask, Father? Surely you have heard nothing that might lead you to give me hope of my boy? But how could you—you do not know me."

"But *is there?*" Mr. Clayton repeated the question in a tense voice. "Could you identify your son by any particular mark?"

She shook her head.

"He was a singularly perfect boy," she smiled sadly. "But then, all mothers think that of their children. I know, I am a nurse, you see. But there was one mark—one scar—that might have remained through the years. As my son clung to the crucifix, the sharp edge of the brass cut deep into his hand—the right hand just below the little finger. The cut was so deep that the doctor took two stitches in it. Why—what—dear God! are my prayers to be answered at last?"

Mr. Clayton had thrust out his hand—the right hand—and on the side from palm to back, beneath the little finger was the scarred, thread-like tracing of an old wound.

Great joys, intense sorrows, rejoicings at births and the wailings over the departure of loved ones, all are part of the busy day of a priest, but none of them had ever shaken him more than this strange reunion of a mother and son which had taken place before his eyes.

"How good God is!" the mother kept repeating and in wonder, the man asked over and over:

"Isn't it strange, Father? How do you explain it? Could I actually have remembered about the crucifix saving me from that fall?"

"I can't explain—and I don't try," answered the priest. "God's ways may seem mysterious—but always they are good. Be grateful always for His Easter gifts to you both—a son to his mother—a mother to her boy."

As Father Berling hurried to Church to enter

(Continued on page 550)

Eucharistic Memories in Bible Lands

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

ON THE HOLY HILL OF CALVARY

BESIDES the holocausts, the first and foremost kind of sacrifices prescribed for the Temple worship, there was a second and a third kind, viz., sin offerings and peace offerings. Whilst the purpose of the holocausts was a single and exclusive one, viz., God's worship as the Supreme Lord and Master of all creatures, the two other kinds had, besides this primary and indispensable object, also a secondary one, which was manifested by peculiar rites. By the pouring out of the blood and the burning of all the fat on the altar, they shared the intention and dignity of holocausts; but they differed from them by the use of the other clean and eatable parts of the chosen victims.

As to the qualities of the victims, a certain latitude was left in the case of sin offering. The victims had indeed to be without blemish, but there were admitted to them, besides those animals suitable for holocausts, sometimes less precious bulls, rams, and male lambs, also goats, heifers and ewe lambs. This leniency signifies to us God's mercy, who will not exact the full amount of penance from us; if we make up *by greater sorrow and deeper humility*. The peculiarity of the sin offerings was, that in the case of the people's sacrifices a portion of the eatable parts at least was given to the priests for their maintenance within the holy place, whilst the other parts suitable for food had to be burnt outside the city, in a place which was considered legally unclean and therefore an object of horror. This place was in the valley of Hinnom and is called in the Gospel Gehenna, now usually translated as "hell fire," of which it was the symbol. In the sin offerings of the priests the animals had to be more precious, and all the eatable parts, besides the fat, had to be burnt in the gehenna; this was to signify that the sins of the sacred ministers were even more displeasing to God, than those of the people; and that they too, could not partake of the sacred banquet with God, until they had fully atoned for their trespasses.

It is noteworthy that according to the rite of the sin offerings, the sin was not considered to be forgiven by means of the burning and destruction in the gehenna of the eatable parts, which represented the guilt of the offerer, but by the sacrifice of the fat and the blood at the altar. For as soon as the fat was immolated and the blood had been sprinkled or applied to the tip of the right ear, to the right thumb, and

to the right big toe of the offerer, he was considered cleansed from his guilt. The subsequent burning of the meat outside the city walls was a reminder that, had it not been for the mercy of God and the shedding of the blood of the future Lamb of God, he would have had to burn for ever in the pit of hell; and the giving away for destruction of valuable meat had for a few also the character of a severe penalty.

We hardly realize now, as did the Israelites, the full meaning of the burning outside the city. It reminded them of the executions, which were prescribed by their law for all the great sins against the commandments of God. Blasphemers, breakers of the Sabbath, incorrigible sons, murderers, and adulterers were, after their condemnation, led outside the city and stoned to death. For outrageous crimes the law fixed as the most terrible and dishonorable punishment the crucifixion; a crucified criminal was considered such an abomination that his body was to be taken the same day from the cross lest he should defile the land. Saint Paul, of all Apostles the most learned in the law, emphasizes this fact when speaking of our Lord's crucifixion on the rock of Calvary outside the city. Christ's sacrifice was certainly in the first place a whole offering for the glory of His Heavenly Father, the fulfilment of the holocausts of the Old Law, which derived all their odor of sweetness from the fact that they were figures of Him, and because they were offered through faith and hope in Him. By His sacrifice on Calvary He not only supplied the defects in worship of adoration towards God; that we owe Him, but He was at the same time also our sin offering, taking upon Himself the punishments for the misdeeds of our bodies, repairing by His obedience our rebellion against God, and atoning for our pride by undergoing the most degrading form of death, to which were added the most uncommon and gratuitous insults of His enemies. This, then, is the meaning of our Lord's sacrifice on the rock of Calvary.

We may now approach the question as to the relation between that sanguinary sacrifice and the unbloody one of the Holy Eucharist. The main idea of this relation is given by our Lord Himself. The very institution of it on the eve of His Passion is sufficient to suggest a close connection between the two; for if there was none, why should He have chosen that saddest time of His life for His most glorious gift to us? Again, His words leave us not in doubt:

He changed the substance of the bread into that body which was the next day to be immolated for us, and the wine into the blood which was soon to be shed for many for the remission of sins; and He added the command: "Do this for a commemoration of me." No wonder that Saint Paul, reporting the great event in the same words as the Evangelists, adds this exhortation to his Corinthian Converts, and also to us: "As often as you shall eat this bread or drink of this chalice, you shall announce the death of the Lord, until He come." Also the separate consecrations and elevations of the two sacred species, although they can in reality no more separate our Lord's immortal flesh and blood from each other, nor from His holy soul, represent nevertheless sacramentally that separation by death which formed an historical fact, and which constituted the only sacrifice that was not symbolical but natural, whereas all the sacrifices of the Old Testament, as well as our Holy Eucharist, have a more or less representative character. Whilst it is therefore perfectly legitimate and proper during holy Mass to adore and worship our Savior really present on the altar, in His glorious body, we must never lose sight of the fact that He is there as the Priest and Victim of our Sacrifice of worship and atonement, in which we are actively to share by eternal conduct, as well as by our sentiments and dispositions, and that he is renewing for our benefit in an unbloody manner the same sacrifice that He offered on Calvary by shedding His blood. Holy Church makes it easy for us to realize this great fact by her holy liturgy; and it will be well for us to follow her lead, and not merely our individual leanings, thoughts, and emotions, for which there will still be ample opportunities.

Holy Mass represents Calvary with greater reality than the sacrifices of the Old Law, for, although the rites of these sacrifices were more realistic, they were, with relation to Our Lord's sacrifice, only symbolical representations. On the other hand, the Holy Mass makes the historical Victim of Calvary really present. For this reason holy Church, through the altar stone, as well as though the cross which is prescribed both for the altar and the chasuble worn by the priest, makes us think of Calvary. Again, the many signs of the cross, which she requires her priests to make during the celebration of the Mass, help us to realize her doctrine—that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass derives its internal efficacy from the sacrifice of the cross, and that the Mass was instituted to apply the graces of the cross to the pious partakers of the holy Eucharistic offering. Also, her words, such as "Lamb of God," and the frequent mentioning of the Passion of Our Lord as the subject of her commemoration, are reminders of

this great truth. We may, therefore, justly think in the most realistic way of the Sacred Body that was wounded for our sins by the scourges and thorns and nails, that burned with the fever of His wounds, and that was parched by the fiery midday heat. We may try to picture to ourselves the indignities which from the time of his capture to His death He bore for our pride and vanity, also those which He took upon Himself at the very institution of the Sacrament of His Love, foreseeing all the sacrileges and irreverences that should befall Him in the most Holy Eucharist. We ought to stir up in ourselves lively acts of deep contrition, moved by a consciousness of the truth that on the cross in the unspeakable sense of abandonment by His Heavenly Father Christ bore for our sins the very pangs of hell. Yet at the same time we should realize that this is not to be done by way of mere private devotion, such as by a meditation on the Passion, or by the way of the cross, i. e., independent of the priest's words and actions, but in close union of thought and intention with those of Our Lord's in this sacrifice. Let us be penetrated by the truth that the acts of love of God and of detestation of sin, which we elicit in union with Him on the altar, will become a sacrifice for the praise of God's love, which made Him deliver up His only Son for us, and of His mercy and patience, which made Him forbear with our sinful conduct until we would accept from Him the grace of repentance. That grace, obtained in this way, will be more perfect, as it will not merely be the result of our efforts, promoted and seconded by His ordinary actual grace, but a fruit of our Lord's own sacrificial action (*ex opere operato*, as theologians say). Such graces were the repentance granted to the good thief, and to some others on Calvary who struck their breasts, as well as the increase of charity in Saint John and the holy women near the cross. In fact, all the graces given in the Old Testament to the pious offerers, from Adam and Abel down to our Lord's death had their origin in the future sacrifice of Christ on the cross; and as holy Church teaches us in an infallible definition, even that extraordinary sanctification granted to our Blessed Lady in her Immaculate Conception, was given in consideration of the merits of the coming Messias. Thus, when the Council of Trent speaks of holy Mass as a means of obtaining forgiveness for our sins, it does not intend to make the sacrament of penance unnecessary, but to point out where we can best obtain the supernatural repentance, which is required for the forgiveness of every sin.

When taking part in holy Mass, we shall do well to adopt and follow the method of holy Church. Always keeping in mind, that holy

Mass is the sacramental and mystical renewal of the Passion, she does not, like some private prayer books, follow the historical sequence of Our Lord's sufferings, with the risk of making attendance at holy Mass a mere time of private meditation, without realizing that it is, in the first place, the supreme act of divine worship performed by the whole Church in union with Christ, her head, through words and actions of her priests. She leads us first in the "Confiteor" to acts of contrition, accompanied by the sign of the cross, then in the festive Introit to the praise of God. After this she makes us in the "Kyrie" implore the mercy of the three Divine Persons, and thereupon adore and exalt God's greatness in the "Gloria," but even in the midst of its joyful strains there comes an outcry for mercy. The offering of the bread and of the wine, concluded with the sign of the cross, contain, respectively, acts of humble contrition and of confident worship. The solemn and joyful praise of God in the preface is followed by the humble inclinations with signs of the cross at the "Sanctus" and at the commencement of the Canon. This is not the method of the school but of the loving and pious Mother. And it has a very deep meaning, even for the most learned of her children. God's glory and worship through the sacrifice of Christ is her principal object, to which all other ends and intentions must be subservient. Sin and the innate sinfulness of our fallen, human nature are the constant and baneful obstacle in the way of this primary purpose, and they are meant to be more and more removed during the time, and by the power, of the Holy Sacrifice. Each sorrowful and loving remembrance of Our Lord on Calvary will help us to greater detestation of, and to deeper contrition for, our sins; these in turn will lead us during the same Holy Mass to more fervent acts of divine worship and love, and subsequently to a more perfect glorification of God in our daily lives.

These thoughts of the Passion of Our Lord and these acts of contrition need not make the Eucharistic sacrifice a depressing and gloomy service; on the contrary, it ought to fill us with cheerful gratitude, that in it we have such an easy means for our purification and sanctification. Let us also notice to our consolation that twice in her solemn Mass prayers, both after the offertory and after the consecration, holy Church, through the lips of her officiating priest, joins the memory of the Passion with that of the Resurrection and the Ascension of Our Lord, in which we are all to share. The very fact that the glorious sepulchre of Our Lord was placed by Providence only a few steps from the Rock of Calvary contains for us the cheerful lesson, that if we now in sorrow, pa-

tience, obedience, and humility follow Our Lord for a little while to the place of shame, and accept our sufferings and the corruption of our bodies in union with His Passion as a condign punishment for our sins, we may hope that we shall be permitted to share the glory of His risen body and soul. The place of Our Lord's Ascension on the height of Mount Olivet is also an encouragement to direct our thoughts to the heavenly mountains, where the Lamb of God, that was killed and yet liveth, is the light and joy of the saints whom He redeemed. By taking a devout part in the Holy Mass we anticipate our share in the heavenly worship of praise and glory, and at the same time we gain an increase of grace and love, and therefore also of our own eternal happiness. Eternal praise be to our Eucharistic High Priest and Victim.

Psalms of the Passion

(Continued from page 545)

Me, and so do the songs of the drinkers of strong drink." Probably an allusion to the course jests of the soldiers who surrounded Him on Calvary, they were most likely refreshing themselves with strong drink.

14. Again His Mind turns to His Father. "But as for Me, my prayer is to Thee, O God! In an acceptable time, O God, in the greatness of Thy loving kindness answer me in the truth of Thy salvation."

15. "Deliver Me out of the mire and let Me not sink; may I be delivered from them that hate me, and out of deep waters."

16. "Let not the flood of waters overwhelm me. Neither let the deep swallow me up. Nor

Love's Remembrance

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

"Having loved his own who were in the world, he loved them unto the end." (St. John 13:1.)

The candelabra sends its mellow glow
O'er saddened faces of the twelve, who round
The table with their Master sit. "I go,"
He speaks, "the depths of pain and woe to sound,
To plant my heel upon your deadly foe,
And rear my standard on the bloody ground.
A parting gift I now on you bestow,
A fond remembrance of my love profound."

Then taking bread into His sacred hand,
He blest, and broke, and gave them, saying: "Eat
Ye all of this, for 'tis my Body real,
That on the morrow pangs untold must feel;
For so my Father wills, and His command
With reverence and filial love I greet."

let the pit close its mouth upon Me." A vivid image!

17. "Answer me, O Lord, for Thy loving kindness is good: according to the greatness of Thy compassions turn thou to Me."

18. "And hide not Thy Face from Thy servant, for I am in distress. Answer me speedily."

19. "Draw nigh to my soul and redeem it; because of mine enemies, ransom me."

20. "Thou knowest my reproach and my shame, and my confusion, before thee are all my adversaries."

21. "Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am sick unto death; and I looked for commiseration, but there was none, and for comforters, but I found none." Pitiful isolation of the loving and compassionate man!

22. A prophetic verse relating actual fact. "Nay, as my food they gave me gall, and for my thirst they would make me drink vinegar." (See the Gospel of St. Matthew 27:48.) This almost concludes the enumeration of the woes of the suffering God-man, and now begins the anathema of His enemies, to be followed by the canticle of hope and promise of thanksgiving.

Only one verse more need be quoted, as applicable to our subject—the description of the mental agonies of Our Suffering Lord:

27. "For they persecute Him whom Thou hast smitten. And they add to the pain of My wounds."

It will be seen how the Psalm supplements the Gospel, by throwing out hints of the agonies of Our Lord's heart and soul, and the keen human sensibilities of His loving Heart.

These outlines may help some to enter more fully into the Church's mind during the services of Holy Week, when these two Psalms form so large a part of her prayer. By one's own thought more may be discerned than is here suggested. It can easily be seen how much we miss by not endeavoring to penetrate the meaning of these inspired songs.

Cui Bono---Of What Use?

(Continued from page 539)

life with little regrets, or if there have been regrets, they have long ago been effaced. There are no bonds to sever, bonds linking us with created things from which under other circumstances the separation is so painful. What confidence in the face of a promise so unequivocally stated: 'Sell what thou hast...and thou shalt have a treasure in heaven.' On this reward or pension, then, the happy soul will subsist without ceasing in the heavenly grandstand. It is true that every state of life offers its quota of saints, but in religion the condi-

tions are so much more favorable for the pursuit of sanctity. This will explain why up to the present time such a large percentage of the canonized saints have belonged to religious orders. Since the year 933, when the first formal canonization took place, that is, canonization according to the strict process in vogue now, four fifths of all the successful cases were those of religious.'

"That's surely an eye opener to me, Father."

"There is something else to which I wish to call your attention—the gulf that exists between the earthly ball diamond and the heavenly grandstand. In this gulf there is also an Ellis Island. All those who have come across the ocean can tell you what Ellis Island is. It is an island in the New York harbor where all the immigrants are subjected to an examination before they are admitted to this country. Hence it is a sort of detention camp. Now many of the immigrants to heaven are detained at a similar camp."

"You are speaking of purgatory."

"You guessed right. But to come to our point, it is probable that good religious will have a shorter stay, if any, on this Ellis Island. While detained there, they have the assurance that they are not forgotten as so many others are. They know this from the statutes of their rule and from the practice of the brethren they have left behind. So they have all reasons to hope that the object of their whole life's quest, and perhaps the prime factor in the following of their vocation, is soon to be realized. Life everlasting, the vision of God, of His holy Mother, of the angels and saints, is ere long to be their happy lot and that too in a measure quite in keeping with the greatness of their sacrifice and zeal. To come back to St. Bernard once more, wasn't he right when he praised the religious state because therein the religious dies more peacefully, is purified more quickly, and rewarded more abundantly."

"Father, yonder comes Harry Dye. I don't want him to see me here."

"What's the matter with you boys?"

"Excuse me, Father, there comes the bully around the corner." With these words Larry was off and soon out of sight.

Father Gilbert followed him with his eyes as far as he could and in a meditative tone he said to himself: "Boys will be boys. But there is good metal also in this lad and I am certain that he will return."

Are our visits to the Blessed Sacrament as numerous as our facilities and our leisure would allow, to say nothing of the necessities of our soul and those of others to drive us there?—Faber.

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—The most powerful and dangerous enemies to man are the insects and the disease-bearing micro-organisms. Among the insects, the Japanese beetle threatens to deprive us of apple pie, the gypsy moth would devour our fruit and trees, the corn borer would take away our corn bread, and the boll weevil would deprive us of cotton cloths. Man's attack against these pests progresses along three lines. Special methods in cultivation is the first, insecticides form the second, and natural control is the third. An example of special method in cultivation is had in the fight against the corn borer. A modified system of growing and harvesting corn, with the prompt burning of the stalks after harvest, seems at present the best preventive of this pest. A development in the use of insecticides is illustrated by the use of airplanes in dusting certain crops with poison. The natural control consists in using nature's enemies against the pests. As most of these are of foreign origin, the U. S. Department of Agriculture is scouring the world for parasites that will prey on the imported pests. Great hope is placed on a certain fly imported to fight the corn borer. A number of fertile female flies were liberated in a corn field infested with the larvae of the borers. The flies immediately searched for the larvae, and deposited their eggs through the tough rind of the stalks directly into the hidden caterpillars. These eggs live on the caterpillars and kill them.

—Shall we soon be able to see the artists perform whilst we listen to them over the radio? Will this television be ours? "Possible, but not probable," reports Dr. De Forest. "Not improbable," says Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, of the General Electric Co. The latter has attacked the problem from a new angle. He divides the picture to be sent into five different shades: white, light gray, medium gray, dark gray, and black. The transmitting and receiving machines analyze and reassemble the shades automatically, the operation being controlled by the telegraphic signals.

—The discovery of new oil wells under the old ones has led to deep well drilling. The present record for a deep well is 8,046 feet.

—It takes two full-grown rubber trees two years to produce enough rubber for a Ford tire. This shows the importance of developing a 'synthetic' rubber. Synthesis in manufacture means putting together the elements to make a finished product. It appears that we are approaching the age of synthetic everything. We have synthetic alcohol, synthetic camphor, synthetic indigo, synthetic leather, perfumes, flavorings, and are expecting legions of new ones. Platinum, which is very scarce, is now replaced by many alloys. It was formerly the most expensive part of the ordinary electric light in leading the current through the glass. It is now replaced by an alloy of iron and nickel.

—Even the Washington Monument helps make trouble for wireless transmission. Large structures or natural features are found to distort or twist wireless waves, and in some cases act as retransmitters. The Washington Monument, for instance, will pick up a 2,500 meter wave length from Arlington, and retransmit it on an 800 meter wave length.

—The average age of man has advanced to fifty-eight years. Dr. Charles Mayo, the noted surgeon, states that ten years more may be added to this normal span of life, if a person starts to take care of himself in his younger years.

—This winter shows only a light number of measles cases. Such a year follows a year of heavy measles. The reason is, that children once exposed, are more immune the following year.

—Perhaps no single piece of kitchen equipment has shown such improvement in recent years as the kitchen oil range.

—Disability in reading and its relation to the person has been the subject of recent study. It appears that most cases, which are due to nervousness, may be cured.

—Cottages for country hospitals promise to solve the needs of, and for, country doctors. The advent of good roads has led most people to seek medical help in the larger cities, so that the decrease in country physicians has become a problem for rural communities. Two helps for a solution of the problem have been suggested. One is to adapt the medical course so as to graduate general practitioners instead of specialists. The other is to equip a small cottage in the village as a home hospital, where the local physician may have some of the advantages of hospital service.

—For centuries all sorts of aches and pains have been charged to rheumatism. To-day authorities would substitute the term: 'rheumatic diseases,' which are divided into two great classes. The first and more important division should be called acute rheumatic fever, the second, chronic arthritis. Acute rheumatic fever is held to be caused by a germ. Most attacks come between the ages of five and fifteen, with great danger of a weak heart as an after effect. Arthritis is inflammation of the joints, and may come from one of many causes. Its first signs are stiff neck, lumbago, stiffness or creaking of the joints. Proper treatment should be in the hands of expert physicians.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—1927 is not a leap year,—except for pedestrians.

—Science seeks light without heat. Would that the same could be said of parties in public controversies.

—The straight and narrow path pays. Look how it changes an S into \$.

—New Jersey is fighting the mosquito with fish that devour the larva. Will flying fish be used for the adult mosquito?

—Prisons are reported overcrowded, but some authorities wish they were more so.

—No modern has invented an intelligence test to equal that of matrimony.

—Freedom is lovely, until some 3699 broadcasting stations howl into the receiver at the same time.

—Some modern students wish they had lived three hundred years ago,—they would have less history to learn.

—The fish having the eyes set closest together are the little fish.

—All men are born equal, but what they are equal to makes the difference.

—We now have moving pictures that talk. Next desired are patrons that do not.

—It is difficult for a driver to have both horse sense and white mule.

—Be true to your teeth or they will be false to you.

—Collars will be worn as usual this season,—by the laundries.

—The proof of will power is said to be in continued possession of your tonsils.

—It should not be difficult to meet expenses,—one meets them everywhere.

—The three R's have been simplified. The Reading 'Riting, 'Rithmetic have become Rah, Rah, Rah.

—The American book now equals the best anywhere,—at least in manufacture.

—A new definition for a Republic is where the minority rules by working for what it wants.

—Higher education certainly helps,—if one is willing to learn more after graduation.

—A candid opinion is often candied.

—Night life for many Americans has become a battle of wave lengths.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—The *Catholic Sentinel*, of Portland, Oregon, quoting items from its issue of February 1877, fifty years ago, contains the following note of interest to us: "The Benedictine Fathers of Indiana have established a mission among the Sioux Indians of the Missouri." What was then Dakota Territory is now North and South Dakota.

—The *Commonweal*, now in its sixth year, has cut its subscription price in two—lowering the price from ten dollars the year to five. The new price will, no doubt, help to increase the popularity of this excellent review.

—While it is rather uncommon to see a nun in her religious habit driving an automobile, some few are to be found. According to report, a Good Shepherd nun in Paris drives a truck from house to house, gathering, and delivering, the laundry that is washed at the convent.

—Rev. Arthur Dunn, who spent the thirty-eight years of his priesthood as pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Eau Claire, Wisconsin, died on February 20th. The deceased, who was renowned as an orator, is said to have 1100 converts to his credit.

—The first Archbishop of San Antonio, Texas, Most Rev. A. J. Drossaerts, received the pallium and was formally installed in office on February 16th. Five archbishops, fourteen bishops, and 400 priests attended the impressive ceremony.

—Canon Phélis, of Borie, France, aged 93, and his sister Melina, eight years younger, died recently within a few hours of each other. It had been their earnest prayer that they might die together.

—Very Rev. J. S. Wilburn, O. P., Prior of St. Rose Priory, Springfield, Kentucky, and Rev. Vincent Grat-tan McCleary, O. P., missionary, died at Louisville, on February 5, from injuries received in an automobile accident some days previous. Very Rev. Victor O'Daniell, O. P., and Dr. Charles A. Edelen, who were seriously injured in the same disaster, are recovering.

—The *Catholic News*, of New York, a thirty-two page weekly, is well along in its forty-first year.

—Nine special trains carried thousands of pilgrims to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Carfin, Scotland, for the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. In the torch-light procession from 6 to 8 p. m. some 15,000 pilgrims marched through a cold, penetrating rain.

—From 1,000 to 2,000 boy scouts will make a pilgrimage from London to Lourdes next August. Cardinal Bourne will lead the pilgrimage.

—Mr. and Mrs. Peter Engel, of Knobel, Ark., who were the parents of fifteen children eight of whom are still living, celebrated on February 5th the sixty-second anniversary of their wedding. Their eldest son, Rev. Peter Engel, pastor of St. Elizabeth's Church, East St. Louis, Ill., celebrated a Mass at the home of his aged parents. A daughter, who was a member of the Notre Dame Sisters, died in 1893. Of the thirty-eight grandchildren one is Sister Mary Thomasine, O. S. B., at Fort Smith, Ark. There are also sixteen great-grandchildren.

—A statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, who is "General-in-Chief" of the Chilean Army, was solemnly consecrated by the Apostolic Nuncio, and Papal Legate for the occasion, Mgr. Aloise Masella, at Santiago de Chile on December 19th. The vast assembly, gathered for the festivity, proclaimed Our Lady Queen of the Republic. Cabinet ministers and the highest officials of army and navy paid homage to Mary as Queen. The ceremonies of the day began at the very early hour of 4 a. m. with a Mass at the shrine of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in the Church of San Salvador (Holy Savior—Christ Our King). At 5 o'clock the statue was borne in triumphal procession through profusely decorated streets. Hymns and psalms were sung enroute. All the bishops of the country were waiting at the principal entrance of the Cousiño Park to receive the procession as it approached. The statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel was enthroned on a magnificent altar and twenty Masses were offered up for the people of Chile. The Papal Legate celebrated the Pontifical High Mass. The choir numbered 1,000 voices. After the Mass the Papal Legate crowned the statue mid the cheering of the mighty multitude. The national anthem followed. In

the meantime aeroplanes dropped flowers. After these ceremonies were over the procession returned to the Church of San Salvador to sing a *Te Deum* of Thanksgiving.—Since 1817, the date of the independence of Chile, the Republic has been under the protection of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. In the struggle for independence the soldiers were not ashamed to wear their scapulars on their breasts.

—The formal celebration of the 500th anniversary of the Catholic University of Louvain will take place on June 28 and 29. The Bull of Foundation, signed by Pope Martin V, was dated Dec. 9, 1425. The solemn opening occurred on Sept. 7, 1426. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, of which Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is President, has raised a million dollars for the restoration of the great library, which now under construction at the University, and is to be completed before the end of 1927.

—Grace Keon, a well-known popular writer, has taken over the editorship of "The Sunday Companion," an excellent young people's weekly that is published in New York City.

—The Catholic Press Convention will be held at Savannah, Ga., May 19, 20, 21.

Benedictine

—Abbot-elect Severin Gertken, O. S. B., who was chosen to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Abbot-Ordinary Michael Ott, O. S. B., of St. Peter's Abbey, Saskatchewan, Canada, received from Rome on Feb. 1 official notification of the arrival of the papal bulls that confirmed his election. This official notification gives the Abbot-Ordinary-elect canonical jurisdiction as Ordinary over the territory (comprising thirty townships—1,800 square miles) which is subject to St. Peter's Abbey. The Rt. Rev. Abbot-elect, who was born July 26, 1881, and was ordained June 7, 1907, has two brothers who are priests at St. John's Abbey, Minnesota. A third brother, who was also a member of the same community, died in 1923, shortly before he was to receive ordination. Six sisters are all members of the Benedictine community at St. Joseph, Minn., near St. John's. Two other sisters are living with their mother.—A hearty welcome was awaiting the Abbot-Ordinary-elect Severin upon his arrival at Muenster, Canada, on February 17. Despite the severe cold—the mercury was close to 40 below—a large crowd had gathered at the railway station to greet the new prelate. The solemn benediction of Abbot Severin will take place later on in the season.

—Rev. Othmar Klingler, O. S. B., S. T. D., of the Abbey of St. Ottilien, a zealous missionary among the Negroes of the Apostolic Prefecture of Lindi, in East Africa, since 1923, died on Jan. 21 as the result of overwork. Dr. Klingler, who obtained his degree in Sacred Theology at Freiburg, in his native Switzerland, was ordained to the priesthood on June 10, 1917. The mission field of Lindi, which was all but ruined by the late World War, was restored to a flourishing condition through the untiring efforts of the deceased. R. I. P.

—The International Benedictine College of Sant' Anselmo at Rome has an attendance this year of ninety-two pupils, of whom sixteen are from North America, two from South America, and three from Manila. The remainder are from various countries in Europe.

—The Rt. Rev. Raphael Walzer, O. S. B., fourth Archabbot of Beuron, in Germany, an abbey that is far-famed for its schools of art and plain chant, spent part of January, and the months of February and March in this country. His mission was to create among Americans greater interest in Beuron art—sculpture, painting, prints. Rev. Suitbert Kraemer, O. S. B., his companion across the Atlantic, who is both artist and musician, will remain in the United States for some months before he returns to Europe. For the present he is in New York.

—*Boletín de Informacion Benedictina* is a periodical that was launched last year by the Benedictine monks of Our Lady of Pueyo, at Barbastro, Spain. The *Boletín*, as its name signifies, will contain only such news as has reference to the Order.

—An eight-thousand-dollar fire visited St. Vincent's Archabbey, Beatty, Pa., on Jan. 28. A carpenter shop was completely destroyed. The timely arrival of three fire trucks from neighboring towns prevented further destruction.

—A report from abroad says that Belgian Benedictines are contemplating the establishment of a school in County Cork, Ireland.

—In its March number, *Catholic Missions*, which is published at New York by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, carried a two-page article featuring "The Benedictine Missions." The article set forth in a comprehensive summary the foreign mission activity of the Order throughout the world.

—The priory that was established at Amay, near Liège, in Belgium, for the conversion of Russia is progressing slowly. The first ordination to the priesthood was that of Rev. F. Benedict, O. S. B., who received holy orders on Aug. 14. On the following day the newly ordained celebrated his first Mass according to the Byzantine Rite in the Byzantine Chapel that had been completed shortly before.—In August the community of Amay numbered fifteen professed religious. At the beginning of September seven postulants were received. Of these three were priests. Two of the postulants were Russians.

—Of the Benedictine monks who suffered martyrdom during the French Revolution, three were numbered among the Blessed on October 17, 1926, by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. All were members of the illustrious Congregation of St. Maur. The first in rank is Blessed Ambrose Augustine Chevreux, who at the age of sixteen made his religious profession at Florencio de Saumur, May 14, 1744. He was later active in the school as professor of philosophy and then of theology. Having previously served as visitor of the Province of Toulouse, he was unanimously elected in 1783 Superior General of the Congregation. Dark days were threatening. When a party of revolutionists came from

Paris to the Abbey of San German de los Prados, on May 9, 1790, Dom Chevreux declared his intention of continuing to lead a monastic life as long as possible. A short time afterwards he was obliged to flee and found refuge in the house of a pious woman. There he was seized by the police and led away a prisoner to help swell the ranks of those who were destined to shed their blood for Christ.

The second, Dom Louis Barreau de la Touche, was a nephew of Dom Ambrose, and, like his uncle, had professed the monastic life in the Abbey of San Florencio de Saumur in 1779. When the Revolution broke out, he was teaching mathematics at Soreze. Upon the closing of the monastery, he fled to Paris, and there he was also taken prisoner.

The third of these beatified martyrs is Renatus Julian Massey, who was professed at Santa Melania, Rennes. For a number of years after his profession he held the chair of philosophy and theology in San Sergio at Angers, until he was named prior of San Florencio de Saumur, an office that he discharged for a long time. Driven out of the monastery, he was captured in Paris in the month of August, 1792.

With 187 other candidates for martyrdom, all were held prisoners in the church of the Carmelites at Paris, where they all likewise received the palm of martyrdom in the month of September, 1792.

A Necessary Method

It is a regrettable fact that some of our people are merely Sunday morning Catholics, who, believing half-heartedly, fulfill with reluctance the duty of hearing Mass. Needless to say, they pay little attention to the sermon or instruction. As a consequence they know little about their faith, and are poorly equipped to survive any onslaughts that may be made against it.

The Catholic press can do much to convert the lukewarmness of this type of Catholic into some degree of ardor. The first problem, however, is to induce such a Catholic to take an interest in, and to subscribe for, a Catholic publication; and nothing has proved so successful in solving this problem as the face-to-face method.

With so many interests and attractions noisily demanding the attention of the public, patient, unassuming merit stands very little chance of winning a hearing. If you have something which you wish to sell to the public, you must let the public know it. And it is necessary that the information be conveyed emphatically and persistently.

It would be a splendid thing if the Catholic public of the country would spontaneously rally to the support of the Catholic press. But the Catholic public will do no such thing. If a Catholic periodical is to be sold, the public must be told about it with emphasis and persistency; otherwise the Catholic public will be quite indifferent to its merit and claims for support. This fact explains adequately the need and value of the Catholic magazine salesman.

X.

The Hard of Hearing

(Continued from page 534)

Institute for the Deaf, at St. Francis, near Milwaukee. Here is published *The Deaf-Mutes' Friend*. Beginning with the January number, 1927, this interesting monthly has included a "Department for the Hard-of-Hearing," which promises to be of no little consolation and benefit to those who have lost their hearing.

The Conversion of the Jews

Among others for whose conversion the Church would have us pray are the Jews, the nation that gave the world the Messiah. For centuries they had yearned and sighed for His advent, but when He came, because of their spiritual blindness, they received Him not. Seeing, they saw not. Mary, His Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and the many other saints of the Old Law were all of the same race. To stimulate the faithful to fervent prayer that this blinded people may be illumined by the light of grace and see the errors of their ways, the Church has enriched with indulgences various prayers that have as their end the conversion of the Jews. For the recitation of the following brief prayer, which appeared in the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* under date of Jan. 15, 1927, an indulgence of 200 days is granted for each time that it is said; moreover, a plenary indulgence may be gained once a month if it is recited daily:

Respice, Domine, misericordiae oculis illius gentis filios, quae tamdiu populus electus fuit; et Sanguinis, qui olim super eos invocatus est, nunc in illos quoque, redemptionis vitaeque lavacrum descendat.

The same in English: Turn, O Lord, Thine eyes of mercy toward the children of that race which was so long Thy chosen people; and may the Blood, which of old was called down upon them, now also come upon them, a laver of redemption and of life.

Sponsors' Day

As there is now a Mother's Day and a Father's Day, Rev. Stephen Klopfer, of the *Deaf-Mutes' Friend*, pleads also for a Sponsors' Day, and suggests that the Second Sunday after Easter, because of its Gospel of the Good Shepherd, would be very appropriate. The suggestion seems not to be without merit, for, as he says, "Sponsors' Day will offer a splendid opportunity to renew and sanctify the relationship established at Baptism, it will in itself give evidence to God and His Church of the fidelity to the trust imposed and assumed on that happy occasion. It will impress upon the younger generation the seriousness of this relationship; the sponsors will give more thought to their obligations, and the godchildren be the more inclined to accept the sponsor as a big brother or a big sister amid the dangers and temptations besetting the days of youth."

Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Seven Dolors Indian Mission

Father Ambrose writes that the fire demon that devastated Seven Dolors Mission has claimed another victim in the person of little Stella Young, one of the children carried from the burning building. The second building was not only a place of learning, but also a refuge for aged and sick Indians, on whom the good sisters lavished the most tender and watchful care, feeding, clothing them, keeping them clean and nursing them in their various ailments. Now all this is at an end. There is no place to keep them, and not an Indian passes by the ruins, but tears spring to his eyes, and the women and children weep and lament without restraint.

Father is so busy attending to sick calls, that he scarcely has time to think; the poor people, in their rude cabins, with scarcely any comforts, often without necessities, are an easy prey to the fearful Dakota winters, and Father is nearly always carrying the Holy Viaticum to someone or other. On page 567 is a picture showing him on a sick call, measured not in city blocks, but in miles, and not one or two of these, but thirty and forty at a time. In the picture, he is caught in one of the characteristic Dakota blizzards; the sleigh suddenly dumped over in a drift and Father's Indian driver had to kick out the little glass window in front and the two climbed out to right the vehicle. The atmosphere is dim with the fine, dry, powdery snow, and the mercury is trying to see what it can do about knocking the bottom out of its bulb. It is a very good illustration of what the missionary's life is like. He scarcely has any time to take even a little rest, or comfort, or relaxation. Hardly does he sit down to answer some letters, or eat his breakfast after a hard night out, or climb onto his poor cot for some much-needed sleep, but there is someone knocking on his door—another summons to a sick bed.

The Lord is calling many these days, and Father is needed to give them Godspeed to the gates of Heaven—Food for the journey which will strengthen their souls on the journey to the eternal land where sorrow and misery are unknown.

Many Responses

A great many good people have replied to the appeal in last month's GRAIL for the ruined Seven Dolors Mission. Some sent money, some sent clothing, many sent both. To them the deepest thanks are due. The building fund is slowly growing, but it is still in its infancy, and Father Ambrose cannot yet begin rebuilding. He is very anxious to begin on a new church, and a convent for the devoted band of nuns who have remained in spite of all. They are still quartered in his two-room cottage,

and from here are doing all they can. Three more have been called to the motherhouse, but seven still remain. Four of these must go every day to teach at the Fort, a mile distant, and help in the care of the children, as they are still Government employees.

Those who remain are nearly all in ill health, and their work is so strenuous that Father fears they will have to resign the Government school work before long. He would like to start a small school very soon, but to make this possible, all will depend upon charitable hearts out in the States, for there is no other source of revenue. Some of the children from Seven Dolors have been received at the Government School, but a great part of them were obliged to return to their poor homes, as there was no room for them at the Fort—just like the One, for Whom "there was no room at the inn." In another thing, too, these little ones resemble Him,—many of them "have not where to lay their heads." This is literally true, for many families are so destitute that they must sleep on the ground in their huts, summer and winter.

Look at the picture of Seven Dolors Mission as it was before the fire. No wonder the children, and elders as well, weep at sight of the ruins of their beloved church and school. The Indian, as a rule, is undemonstrative, but in the light of the late disaster, they are outspoken in their grief, and sigh for the happy days of yore.

Immaculate Conception Mission

On Jan. 21, 1887, a tired team struggled over the snowy wastes toward a little speck on the prairie. Beside the driver sat a Benedictine Father, a young priest, who had just come from his beautiful home in southern Indiana to the bleak, bitterly cold and snow-covered prairies of Dakota. This young priest was Father Pius Boehm, O. S. B., who has just completed his fortieth year at Immaculate Conception Mission. On May 28th Father Pius will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

When Father Pius arrived, the only habitation on the prairie for miles around was a small frame house. This was his home. Little by little, through his untiring efforts, a group of buildings grew up about this tiny house, in which were housed, fed, and trained in the Catholic Faith, hundreds of Indian children. During the forty years in which Immaculate Conception Mission existed, it was twice wiped out by fire, rebuilt, and then wiped out again by a fearful tornado—but the little house remained standing through all. It still stands like a scarred, but faithful warrior, buffeted by the winds and snows of forty Dakota winters, and drenched and baked by the storms and sun of summer. But the sills are rotting away, the nails are rusted, and the



Seven Dolors Indian mission school and church before the fire

boards will not hold together much longer. Yet it is still Father's home. Would it not be a nice surprise if a new one could be built for his fiftieth anniversary? It is surely his due, after his long and arduous labors on the comfortless prairie.

St. Paul's Indian Mission

The mission school at Marty was founded in 1922. When the first three Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament came, there was but a tiny frame convent to receive them—"The Doll House" they named it. As all missions are founded on poverty, this one was no exception; the first three sisters came prepared to bear all kinds of hardships. Did this deter them? Judge by the response Father Sylvester received when he came all the way to Philadelphia to plead for some sisters for his mission. When he called for volunteers, *every hand* went up. What is there so fascinating, so enticing in this missionary life, that draws brave souls from the comforts of the city to the wilderness? They are like bold, intrepid gold miners, who go up into rugged mountain fastnesses in search of precious yellow grains of gold, regardless of the hardships they must undergo. Like St. Francis of Assisi, they found the precious gold of Poverty, and "their Paradise was in their hearts." What mattered outside surroundings, shacks, hovels, bare boards, plank beds? While their bodies lie on hard couches, their souls are filled to overflowing with ecstatic sweetness—the hundredfold promised by our Lord to all who forsake the world for His sake.

In God's own magic way, out of nothing, grew up gradually the present mission buildings, made possible entirely by charitable donations, and the number of sisters has been swelled from three to seven.

Ecstasy Come True

Last month we asked our kind readers if they knew what an ecstasy was. Well, the ecstasy has occurred. Two good people, who read the appeal for sewing machines for Immaculate Conception Mission, have responded and sent two machines. What joy they created may be imagined by Father Pius Boehm's words: "You should have seen the Sister Superior dance around when she saw them!" But let Cecelia Sargent, pupil of the school, describe the gift herself.

Dear Editor of the Grail:—

I am the Indian girl from the Immaculate Conception School at Stephan, S. Dak., who wrote you in November. In that letter I asked some kind readers to send us some sewing machines. Just a few days after we saw the letter in THE GRAIL, we received two brand new sewing machines that two of the kind readers sent us. The names of the kind benefactors are: Mr. Henry Pfau, Jasper, Ind., and Mr. H. R. Ganey, Gillespie, Ill. I want to thank them for the machines, but I don't believe I know enough words to tell them how thankful we all are. So I am going to send you a picture that was taken of some of our school girls the day the machines came. See how happy and thankful they look, and if you could only hear them! They are all saying "Thank you! Thank you!"

The girls are all glad to work in the sewing room now and use the new machines, because they run so nice and easy. We have three machines now. The two new ones and the one old one. It's broken and hard to sew on. But maybe we will get another new one some day. I hope so.

We will not forget to pray for those kind people who sent the nice new sewing machines.

Happy the good people who have these children to pray for them! If all sorts of wondrous blessings come dropping down from Heaven upon them, they will know why it is—105 innocent little hearts out at Im-

maculate Conception are daily sending up the incense of their pure prayers to the throne of the Almighty—they are the darlings of His heart—He never refuses them.

Perhaps there are some others who would like to cause a little of this wholesale joy—don't you feel a thrill yourself when you read about it? Father Pius says two more machines are really needed, while, to speed up the heavy work of sewing for so many, four would be still better, as then the girls would not have to wait so long on each other, until one vacates the machine.

Think what a good work this is; teaching these girls to sew for themselves and their schoolmates. They will always have a means of earning a livelihood, and even if they do not go out to work, will always be able to make garments for themselves and family. Dear, grateful souls! They have so little, and it takes so little to delight them! Who will help to spread some more of this contagious happiness?

Marty Has New Field Nurse

A good lady from Indiana has heard the sweet call of the missions, and has come to devote herself to the nursing of the sick. And she literally has "her hands full" at the present season. So many cases of illness, and the Indians seem quite helpless; in their present state, bewildered, transplanted beings that they are, striving to accustom themselves to the strange vagaries of civilization, they know not how to meet the onslaught of the white man's diseases, almost unknown to them while they roamed the prairies in freedom, with plenty of game for food, to strengthen them against the exigencies of climate and season.

Father Sylvester writes that his greatest need just now is bandages and medicines. Someone sent in a supply that will last about two weeks, "but what is that among so many?" Who will step into the breach, now that the good nurse is on hand, ready and willing to battle with disease—who will tear up their old sheets and pillow cases into three and four inch strips, roll them up, and send them, together with some remedies, to Marty? Old linen towels and tablecloths torn into strips will be very welcome, especially in the cases of boils and sores, where linen will do better work than a cotton bandage. Nearly everybody has a lot of soft old white pieces that might be prepared for bandages; if everyone who reads this will send in three or four rolls, the nurse ought to be well supplied for awhile.

Marty's New School Building

Father Sylvester began last year to put up a new school building. With nothing in hand except unlimited trust in God, he put his Indians to work digging the basement. Stones were hauled from a great distance for the foundation, this work being willingly done by the Indians too. Two banks where Father had funds closed their doors, and 100 hogs were stolen, but Father went on with confidence undimmed. Little by little donations came in, bills were paid, and more material was ordered. Sometimes, when funds gave out, the workmen went home, and the building stood waiting for some kind person to help it grow. It was badly needed, as the children crowded in their dormitory, two in a single bed.

Now they are gradually moving into the new building; the bake oven was moved into the new bakery on Jan. 11, and Sister John and her little white-capped, sleeved, and aproned bakers are the happiest people imaginable. Now there is the problem of beds for the dormitory; one good friend writes in that he would like to pay for a bed, mattress, blankets, wash stand,

(Continued on page 567)



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Do you remember the parable about the kingdom of heaven being likened to a man that sowed good seed in his field, but while he was asleep the enemy came, and oversowed cockle among the wheat? "And when the blade was sprung up, and had brought forth fruit, then appeared also the cockle. And the servants of the good man of the house coming said to him: Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? Whence then hath it cockle? And he said to them: An enemy hath done this.

"And the servants said to him: Wilt thou that we go and gather it up?"

"And he said: No, lest perhaps, gathering up the cockle, you root up the wheat also together with it.

"Suffer both to grow until the harvest; and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers: Gather up first the cockle and bind it into bundles to burn, but the wheat gather ye into my barn."

What is understood by the kingdom of heaven?

The Church of God, or the collection of the Christians on earth destined for heaven; those who have been converted by good works and bring forth good fruit.

The cockle means the children of the devil, that is, those who do wrong; it also means all false teaching that leads men away from God.

Who sows good seed?

The good seed is sown by Jesus and by His apostles through the bishops and the priests of the Church and other good people.

The evil seed is sown by the devil, who uses men as his tools.

Who are the men who are asleep?

Those who neglect to hear Mass on Sundays and holydays, who do not receive the sacraments and pay little or no attention to the other laws of the church; those also who neglect to pray each day and in times of temptation and danger.

What does the devil do when such persons are asleep?

He sows in their hearts the seeds of bad thoughts, bad desires, and from these spring the cockle of pride, anger, envy, avarice, impurity, and other vices.

Why does not God get rid of the wicked by destroying them?

Because He wishes to give them time to be sorry for their sins and do penance.

When is the time of harvest?

The time of the harvest is the

day of the last judgment, when the reapers, that is the angels, will go out and separate the wicked from the just, and throw the wicked into the fiery furnace, while the just will be taken into everlasting joy.

Palm Sunday occurs the 10th of April, and Easter Sunday comes the Sunday following.

Holy Thursday is April 14th and Good Friday April 15th.

After Jesus had entered the temple at Jerusalem on Palm Sunday amidst the greatest rejoicings of the people, and was saluted by the children with that cry of joy, "Hosanna to the Son of David," He drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple, and when He had spent an entire day in preaching and healing the sick, He went in the evening to Bethania, where He remained over night in Lazarus' house, because in Jerusalem no one wished to receive Him for fear of His enemies. The three following days He spent in Jerusalem, teaching in the temple and passing the night in prayer on Mount Olivet.

In His talks to the Jews, during those days, He strove

especially to convince the priests, the doctors of the Law, and the Pharisees, that He was really the Messiah. He foretold how they would put Him to death and thereby bring destruction both upon themselves and upon their whole nation.

This ruin of the Jewish people He illustrated most plainly by the fig tree which He caused to wither away under His curse; He wept over the city with its beautiful temple, which was soon to be destroyed.

The Savior argued with the Jews, and confounded them, and brought them publicly to shame by numerous parables or comparisons which He used to make His meaning clear. This so angered them and roused their hatred and envy that they with one mind determined to put him to death.

In the carrying out of their wicked designs they besought the aid of the impious Judas, who, through avarice, bargained with them to sell his Master for the paltry sum of thirty pieces of silver, or about \$18 in our money. It was agreed that on the following evening, after nightfall, they should go to the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives, for that was the place where Jesus was accustomed to go to pray. Ac-



Group of Indian Girls
Immaculate Conception Mission School
Stephan, South Dakota

cordingly, when the Last Supper was over, Judas, who had left the table before the others, went to meet the soldiers who had been appointed to take the innocent God-man captive. In the meantime, Jesus, who was accompanied by the rest of the Apostles, went sorrowfully on His way down across the Brook Cedron and up the Mount. Leaving eight of the Apostles to await His return, but taking Peter, James, and John with Him, He went a little further on; then leaving these three to watch and pray, He went a stone's throw farther to be quite alone in prayer. During the hour of agony He spent there, His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down to the ground. Then came Judas, unfortunate Judas, at the head of a band of rough soldiers. Going up to the Savior, the fallen apostle, now a messenger of Satan, greeted the Redeemer with the words: "Hail, Rabbi!" and kissed Him—a traitor's kiss—which was the sign agreed upon. The soldiers then laid hands upon Jesus and led Him away.

What a night of horrors followed this sad scene in the Garden. The Poor Captive was taken first to Caiphas the high priest, then to Pilate the Roman Governor, then to Herod the king of Judea, then back to Pilate again. The Jews clamored for His death. Pilate knew that the Savior was innocent, but, coward that he was, he feared to lose his governorship, and this he felt he could not afford to do. Therefore, he let them take Jesus and scourge Him. As this did not satisfy His bloodthirsty persecutors, Pilate finally delivered Him over to them to be crucified. (It is sometimes very difficult for men in public office to keep from doing what they know is not right. There has been many another Pilate.)

How painful was not that first "way of the cross" through the streets of Jerusalem and up to Calvary. Who can imagine the intense suffering that was caused to sacred body of the Savior when the clothing, now sticking fast to the wounds, was torn off without any feelings of pity! Think of the agony that He endured when the blunt nails were driven forcibly through His hands and feet. His torture reached the climax during the three hours that He hung on the cross. All this our loving Savior endured out of His excessive love for us—to atone for our sins, to redeem us from the bonds of Satan, to open heaven to us and make it possible for us to save our souls and enjoy the delights of paradise for ever and ever. Do we show by our conduct, by the care that we take to avoid even venial sin, that we appreciate what Our Blessed Savior has done for us?

But the Jews were not yet satisfied. They placed the body of Jesus in a sepulcher that had been hewn out of solid rock. They closed the sepulcher with another slab of rock, placed guards around to watch, and sealed it, for fear that His disciples might come and steal the body and then say that He had risen from the dead as He had predicted.

All these precautions were of no avail, for very early on Easter morning, before it was day, the soul of Jesus, (which had gone to Limbo to announce to all the just who were waiting there for the day of redemption, that the time had now come), reunited with the body in the tomb, and then He arose in glory and splendor from the dead. During the forty days that followed He appeared many times to His disciples to strengthen them in their faith and to encourage them to persevere in the doctrines that He had taught them.

Happy Easter with many joyful Allelujahs! (*Alleluja means praise ye Jehovah; praise ye the Lord.*)

April skies are weeping,
April buds are creeping,
April birds are cheeping,
Flowers no longer sleeping,
Spring is everywhere.

Do You Live far From Church?

Parents, who live far from church and Catholic school, and who desire that their children be given religious instruction, will find a wonderful help in the correspondence courses that are sent out by the Convent of the Holy Names, Marylhurst, via Oswego, Oregon.

Parents who desire a course that will prepare their little ones for First Holy Communion may obtain such a course from Rt. Rev. Mgr. Victor Day, V. G., Helena, Montana.

Letters that are directed to either of the above addresses will bring whatever information may be needed in regard to the work.

"Cause Why"

Written for the "Children's Corner"

By SARAH MORTON

I want sumpin' good to eat,
An' I want it right this minute.
My lil' tummy feel jes like
'Taint got nuffin in it.

I could eat most anyfing,
Bread an' jam, or pie;
An' if I don't get sumpin' soon,
I jes know I'll die.

My Muvver is the finest cook,
She makes such 'licious pies;
An' cakes wif frostin' pink an' white,
An' tarts wif jam inside.

She's got some in the pantry now,
All piled up crisp an' brown,
She baked 'em jes this morning,
'Fore she went to town.

But I'd rather starve than take one,
'Cause I know that isn't right;
An' 'nen I'd have to tell God,
When I say my prayers to-night.

An' Muvver she would hear me,
An' how sorry she would be;
Besides—the pantry door's locked,
An' Muvver's got the key.

LETTER BOX

(All communications for the LETTER BOX should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I am longing to become one of your nieces as well as a "Cornerite." I hope you will admit me to the "Corner." I am seven years of age. I am in the third grade. I will gladly answer all letters I will receive.

I have one sister who is also going to write to you. I also have one brother.

I think I have said enough for the present time.—Jane E. Collins, 501 Gearing Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have long desired to become one of your nieces as well as a "Cornerite".

I hope you will consider me a new niece for your Corner. I am nine years old. I am in the fourth Grade B.

I will gladly answer all letters I receive from other "Cornerites".

Your hopeful niece, Margaret M. Collins, 501 Gearing Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I saw my letter in print in the "February Grail," and I want to thank you very much for having it put in print for me.

I received a letter just lately from Edwin Beard. Mary Durning and I have become good friends. I have sent her my picture but she did not send me hers yet as she does not have any just now.

I am twelve years of age and I'm in the eighth grade of Beltzhoover School. I like all of my teachers and all of my subjects.

I think that I had better close my letter. I would be very pleased if "Cornerites" of any age would write to me. I will answer all letters that I receive.

Your niece Erma Takach, 502 Gearing Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I thought I would write to you as mother has subscribed for the Grail magazine. I didn't have enough courage to write to you before. I have one brother and two sisters. My two sisters are in Indiana. One of them is married and has three children so my other sister went to help around as they have a building and a drug store to work in. My brother and I are on the farm in cold Minnesota. I am ten years old and the youngest of the family. I am wishing every minute from now on that this letter escapes the waste basket. I have a reason for writing this letter. It is because our family is going to move to Indiana with my sisters because my father is going to Europe for a visit. Then when he comes back I'll write to you and tell of the people down there, (but I am getting off of my subject). Letters will reach me if addressed in care of my mother: Mrs. A. Fisher, 3315 Michigan Ave., Indiana Harbor, Indiana. I would like to correspond with boys and girls. With love to the corner. Mary Fisher, Big Lake, Minnesota.

Leave margin at both sides and win a button next time.

Fidelity Button Winners

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have read the February issue of the "Grail," although I do not take it myself. I am very much interested in the "Letter Box." I would like for some of the girls and boys to write to me. I am fifteen years of age.

Dolores Ross, 3015 So. McClure St., Marion, Ind.

My dear Aunt Agnes,

I read the children's corner in the Grail every month and as I am a member of the I. E. L. and try to send names over to the Monastery in Indiana to have registered in the I. E. L. I would like to be a member of the corner and some time write nice letters for the magazine too. I read the stories the other children write and like them because they seem to be very intelligent children, to explain their views as they do. I am eleven years old and in the fourth grade. I have missed school lots, because I have St. Vitus dance and will not be able to go any more this year. I hope you will tell me what I must do to join the corner circle, please do. I love to pray for the poor pagans and hope all the others do too. I will remember the Grail and every one to the Lady of Lourdes, because I expect Her to cure me. I have some of the Lourdes water now.

I go to St. Frances of Rome School.
Mary Virginia Edelen, 3007 Aubert Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have not written to the corner for some time so will write again. I have received several letters from members of the Corner and wish that others would

write me, for I will gladly answer all of them. Aunt Agnes, would you please write me and explain how you win the "Fidelity Buttons."...

Lenore Hassenger, K—Nash Apt's, Sioux City, Iowa.

Follow the rules. That's all.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Although we have been taking "Grail" for over a year, I have never taken the pleasure to read your "Corner," until to-day. I was so interested in the letters that I wish to join the "Cornerites" and to participate in their pleasure.

I will be fifteen in April. I am a sophomore in Farrell High School. We have no Catholic High School here, but I wish we had, because I think it would be very nice to go to a Catholic school.

In several of the letters in the November issue, I saw a mention of "Fidelity" pins. I like the idea very much and would like to obtain one for myself....

The county Basketball Tournament starts next week. There certainly is a lot of spirit in our County. Our High School has a very good team this year. Last year we won the County Championship, and hope to bring home the cup this year too.

Farrell is a growing town of about 20,000 inhabitants. It does not have very beautiful scenery, but on the Boulevard and also where I live, it is rather nice. The people in our town are nice also, I have many friends and have a very good time at home and at school. Most of the people of Farrell are Catholics. Our town boasts twenty-six churches, including Protestant.

Aunt Agnes, I hope you will accept this letter and also publish it as soon as possible. I wish also to correspond with many of my unknown friends. I promise that I will answer their letters and tell them all the good news.

Dorothy Burgoon, 610 Fruit Ave., Farrell, Penn.

We have been taking the Grail for quite awhile, but I had never thought of writing before.

I am eleven years old and I am in the sixth grade in school. I do not go to a Catholic school as there is none in town.

I enjoy reading the children's corner very much. I also enjoy reading some continuing stories. I think they are all very good. I also enjoyed reading the "Valentine" in the February Grail.

I hope I will have many girls of my age write to me. I will answer all the letters I get.

I have a sister who is a nun. She is teaching in a Catholic school at Minneapolis. I have not seen her for three years and I sure am anxious to see her again.

Dora Fortin, Oklee, Minn.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

My reason for writing this letter is to know if you will let me become a "Cornerite," also one of your nieces.

I have been reading the "Grail" for several months and find the "Children's Corner" the most interesting part in it.

I am fourteen years old...I attend St. Paul's High School, but, unfortunately, we have only two years. No doubt in the future we will have four. I am in the first year.

I would like to have girls and boys, my age or over, to write to me, and I promise to answer promptly every letter I receive. I hope to hear from someone soon.

Leona Gerlach, 1520 So. Branson, Marion, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes:—

Although we have taken the "Grail" for nearly two years, this is the first time I have ever written to be admitted to your corner.

I am fourteen years old and will graduate from grammar school in June. I then intend to take up a business course.

I live in Philadelphia, the "City of Brotherly Love," although, it is not my Native City. I was born in Europe, that large country, across the wide Atlantic Ocean. I came to America, when but a small child, and lived in Washington, D. C., right near to the "White House." Since then I have taken a trip to Europe, and found it has changed in many ways.

Hoping to be admitted as a member, and also that the "Cornerites" will write to me, I am, Catherine Nicholls, 3322 "H" St., Phila., Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have been reading the Grail from cover to cover for several months past.

In particular I enjoyed your corner as it gave one the ideas of children the country over.

I have hesitated asking to join because being twenty-two thought I was too old.

If this missive of mine is published and read by the "Cornerites" I want to add that I would be glad to hear from any boy or girl who would so honor me by writing and may be sure of an early reply.

With sincerest wishes and a God bless you to all. Anne V. Papay, 218 33rd St., Woodcliff 6/IV, N. J.

Write us about your life in Washington, also about your trip to Europe.

Dear Miss Hering:

This is my second letter to the Corner. Perhaps you did not receive my first one, because if you did I am sure you would have published it, as I requested.

I would like to hear from boys and girls about the age of fifteen years. I will gladly receive and answer all letters from any of the Cornerites. I attend St. Marys High School and I am leading a freshman's life at present.

I like to swim, dance, and sing. I was a member of the Assumption Church choir for five years. I see that you want to hear from the Cornerites who have radios. Yes, I heard midnight Mass on Christmas eve from St. Peter's Cathedral.

George Reynolds, 1755 Hopkins Ave., Norwood, Ohio.

You probably saw your letter in the March number.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

It must have been six months ago when I first read "The Grail." I have always enjoyed reading the letters, but never thought of writing, as I thought the "Letter Box" was for younger boys and girls. You see I am seventeen years of age, and feel quite grown-up, even if my music teacher insists I am "just a little girl." To make a long story short, I will just say that I, too, would like to join the "Corner," and that I would be very glad to hear from any of the "Cornerites" who enjoy becoming acquainted by mail.

Like some others, I don't know just what I can write that will be interesting, and rather than tire you with unwanted material, I think it best to close with best wishes to each and every one.

Agnes Whitmarsh, 607 Blaine Ave., South Bend, Ind.

Dear Miss Agnes,

I am writing to ask you to permit me to join the cornerites. I have read the January copy of the Grail, and have found it very interesting.

I am in the seventh grade of St. Joseph's School, and am 11 years old. There are 49 boys and girls in our class.

I think Catherine Musante description of the southwest is wonderful. Hoping that she and the other cornerites will write to me. I remain one who wishes to

become a cornerite. Evelyn R. Schweitzer, 171 McCready Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Here I am, for the second time, writing to the Grail, and hoping that I may interest all Cornerites with their letter, as I have enjoyed many of theirs. So I am taking this opportunity to tell you of the wonderful city of Philadelphia in which I live, and its many historical buildings.

On Chestnut Street, between Fifth and Sixth, in Philadelphia, stands the stately building of Independence Hall. Within its portals the second Continental Congress met. Here the Declaration of Independence was signed and here is housed the celebrated Liberty Bell, which rang out the freedom of our great country.

Another place which is noted in history is Valley Forge. It is on the outskirts of Philadelphia. Valley Forge is preserved by Pennsylvania as a historic site. Washington's headquarters, with many other buildings, still remain much as they were in the great struggle for Independence.

You cannot well enough appreciate Philadelphia without knowing something of our natural Fairmount Park. It covers an area of over twenty-five hundred acres. One of the many entrances to this park is about a ten minute ride from my home. Within the grounds of this magnificent park is a wonderful Zoological Garden. Here animals and birds of all kinds, of every description from all parts of the world are exhibited. It is a very interesting place to visit, and is quite exciting to watch the keepers feed the animals, especially the lions, seals and elephants. Many parts of the park are dotted with picturesque lakes, which are frozen over during the winter for skating. Pleasant roads lined with stately trees are found throughout the park, and hikes over them are enjoyed by the many visitors and tourists.

The Philadelphia Navy Yard, one of the largest in the United States, is in the southern part of our city, at the point where our two most important rivers, the Delaware and Schuylkill meet.

Last but not least are our wonderful Catholic Churches and Schools. The parish to which I belong, Saint Columba's, is one of the largest in our city. Its school has an attendance of nearly eighteen hundred pupils, including boys and girls, who are taught by the Sisters of Saint Joseph. The oldest church in Philadelphia is Saint Joseph's which was founded in 1733 by the Jesuit Fathers, and, is still being used as a place of worship. Throughout the city are many Catholic high schools, and colleges.

There are many other historical and interesting places in and around our city, some of which are, Carpenter's Hall, the Pennsylvania Hospital, Fort Mifflin, the Benedict Arnold House, and Betsy Ross's House, where the first American Flag was made.

I guess it is about time to bring this letter to a close. Trusting that the readers of the Corner will be pleased with this letter, and that someday they may have the opportunity to visit this historic city, I am, your niece, Claire McNichol, 2823 N. 25th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Exchange Smiles

The class was told to write an essay on the mule. One of the small boys handed in the following: The mule is a hardier bird than the guse or turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears it's wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about coming forward.

"Why doesn't my little girl eat the noodles with the soup?" asked mother, who noticed that Helen left the stringy things on her plate.

"'Cause I can't catch 'em," replied the little one.



Missionary on Sick Call in Blizzard

Marty's New School Building

(Continued from page 562)

etc., for one Indian child. Perhaps a few more friends would like to provide in like manner.

They have been short of sheets and pillow cases for some time. If one hundred housewives would send each one sheet and two pillow cases, Sister would have enough to go around. Nearly everyone can spare at least one out of her pile and not notice it—and "whatsoever you do for these His little ones, you do to Him." Of course, a bolt of sheeting would go "quite a ways," and perhaps some sodality or mission circle would like to make a collection and purchase one.

Who has not felt the thrill of doing missionary work when reading of these "fields afar"? Everyone can be a missionary at home by keeping the needs of our missions at heart and sending whatever is most convenient for them. How many things are wasted or thrown away, or sold for a song, that might fill a real need somewhere out at the missions!

The Four Last Things

BERTRAND F. KRAUS, O. S. B.

DEATH

A gasp! A prayer! A groan! A sigh!
The clammy hand of Death is nigh.
The light is dimmed. The waves rush wild
And roar. The unction. Reconciled
With God. Midst deaf'ning waves a light
Of peace and hope blinks greeting bright.

JUDGMENT

Come ye blessed of My Father,
Enter into joys prepared
For the good, for contrite sinners,
Who their faith in Me declared.
Go, accursed, leave My presence.
On My love you have reclined.
Grace and love you have rejected.
Be ye e'er in hell confined.

HEAVEN

Hosanna to God in the highest, we sing!
Alleluia! Let heaven's domed welkin now ring!
Oh, praise Him ye angels, and sing Him, ye Saints!
To joys heaven's King has set no restraints!

HELL

Darkness, dullness, drear despair!
Souls enclosed in Satan's lair
Groan, and curse, and sigh in pain.
Murders all—their souls they've slain—
Prayers for mercy pray in vain.
Time for grace comes not again.
Hell was not to be their share.
Deadly sins have cast them there.

Abbey and Seminary

—The winter, which has now passed into spring, was very mild. March opened with a snowstorm, but warm, sunshiny days followed. The work of cutting through the crest of the hill to the north of the church, for an outlet to State Highway 62, is completed. The two caterpillars (tractors) that laid low the hill and filled up the valley sputtered busily to and fro—the one dragging two scrapers, the other, four—lowering the lofty places and elevating the humble. Wonderful, yet simple, is this modern machinery, with its great capacity for accomplishing much work in little time. It is one of the practical results of the late war and a lasting benefit to man. Truly, it's and ill wind that doesn't blow someone some good.

—"The Merchant of Venice" has finally gone out of business, but not until he had netted a fair sum for the contemplated recreation hall that has been planned for the Seminary. The play was produced to a good audience at Evansville on Feb. 20, and again in the College Music Hall on the following evening for those of the Rev. Alumni of the Seminary who had accepted an invitation to meet at St. Meinrad on Washington's Birthday. On Feb. 27 occurred the final presentation of the famous Shakespearean play—this time for the public in general. Despite the inclement weather about 120 automobiles brought many visitors. "Shylock" has now been relegated to the attic to gather "gold" dust.

—For a number of years past many of the secular priests who have gone forth from our seminary have been talking of forming among themselves an alumni association for those who had made their course, either wholly or in part, at St. Meinrad. In response to a call that was issued by one of their number, some fifty priests gathered here on Feb. 22 to take the initial step towards organization. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Cornelius Otto Bosler, '04. The priests' choir of Indianapolis, which sang the *Proper* and the *Ordinary* of the Mass, was under the direction of Rev. Clement Bosler, '17. A meeting was then called to order in the Seminary. After much discussion a constitution was drafted and by-laws were adopted. At noon there was recess. Luncheon was served in the spacious recreation room of the Seminary, which had been transformed into an inviting dining hall. Father Benno, '68, the oldest priest of our house, represented the community. Father Albert, '04, Rector of the Seminary, and Father Dominic, '88, Rector of the Preparatory Seminary, were likewise present. After luncheon a

short session was held to elect officers and complete other unfinished business. Rev. Frederick Ketter, '98, was chosen President; Rev. John Dapp, '16, First Vice President; Rev. Albert Wicke, '13, Second Vice President; Rev. Elmer Ritter, '17, Treasurer; Rev. John Murtaugh, '21, was suggested as Secretary. Rev. Omer Eisenman, '15, and Rev. Joseph Honnigford, '13, were appointed on the executive committee. Then closed the first meeting of the St. Meinrad Seminary Alumni Association, which adjourned *sine die*. With many a hand clasp and hearty adieu most of those present departed in haste for the scenes of their various activities.

—Rev. George Hoffman, '94, pastor at Emery, South Dakota, made the long trip to attend the meeting. He spent several days at his *Alma Mater* and also visited an aged brother of his at Celestine.

—It was our pleasure on March 7 to entertain the Rt. Rev. Archabbot of Beuron, Dom Raphael Walzer, O. S. B., who was passing on his way to St. Louis and other points west and north. His Lordship felt obliged to be at home for Easter, hence he could not tarry longer in our midst.

—A St. Patrick's Day program was given in the College Music Hall on the afternoon of March 17. The principal feature of the entertainment was an oration on the music of Ireland, with selections in Gaelic and English, by Rev. Hugh S. Gallagher, C. S. C., a native of the "ould sod."

—Our monastic family was increased by three new members, who were clothed with the garb of St. Benedict on March 24 and began their novitiate as lay brothers. The novices are: Bro. William Kelly, who hails from Kansas; Bro. John Heavrin, a Kentuckian; Bro. Adam Oster, of Indiana. That they may persevere in their vocation, is our earnest prayer. It is also our hope and prayer that many others may be moved to imitate their good example and follow their lead. The need is great and the subjects are few.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. Theodore S. Mesker, '85, for twenty-one years pastor at Connersville, Indiana, died on Mar. 3. Burial took place from St. Mary's Church, Evansville, in which city the deceased was born Mar. 20, 1862. The late Monsignor was invested with the purple robes of a Domestic Prelate on Oct. 2, 1921. R. I. P.

—Rev. George Smith, another alumnus, who finished the course in the Preparatory Seminary in 1895, has been called to his reward. Father Smith made his theological studies in Rome, where he was ordained June 1, 1901. He established the now flourishing parish of St. Philip Neri at Indianapolis, where death claimed him on March 9th. His brother, the Rt. Rev. Alphonse Smith, Bishop of Nashville, celebrated the Pontifical Requiem at the funeral. R. I. P.

Book Notices

Kathleen Norris says in her review of Nancy Buckley's little third book of verse, "Cameos," that it is as unpretentious and fresh in tone as were the forerunners, "Laughter and Longing," and "Wings of Youth," holds finer and more finished work than either, and a fulfillment of the promise that in them was hardly more

than a promise. Unstrained, unaffected, sometimes quite unpolished, yet charm runs through all these poems—the aching charm of spring, and youth, and beauty, and heartache and desire. The beat of young wings is again here, and the longing and laughter of the dreamer, and the curing touch of sunsets and dawns.... And in conclusion she adds: It is a privilege and a pleasure for an older traveller along a parallel pathway to note the steady perfecting of her great art, to hold out hand to her as she climbs upward, and to feel that as long as men and women feel the ecstasy of love, and the ache of parting, the beauty of a potted geranium in a cottage window, or of a gull's wing, gray against a gray sea, there will be a place in our hearts and our libraries for Nancy Buckley.

In "Convent Echoes" Sr. M. Paraclita gives us in simple, unaffected, sincere language the sentiments of a God-loving soul vibrating in responsive chords to the touch of the Creator's hand, whose impress rests on everything around her. Cloth. 86 Pages. Benziger Bros. P. K.

"Current Catholic Verse" is an Anthology by David P. McAstocker, S. J., and Edward H. Pfeiffer. The purpose of the Anthology is told in the Introduction: "This volume is a move toward letting Catholics and non-Catholics see some little part of our treasure trove. It will give permanence and a wider audience to the best poetry which has appeared during the past year in Catholic magazines, and may, it is hoped, bear fruit in encouraging the practice of the poetic art and in prompting poets to greater efforts and higher achievements." To the interested reader it offers a varied selection of the best poems culled from Catholic magazines by very able critics. Poets will find in it a stimulus to renewed effort, will learn to know more about fellow poets in the "Biographical Honor Roll," as well as derive, from the list of "Catholic Magazines Publishing Verse," at the end of the volume, much information as to where to send their brain children. Cloth. 143 pages. Scott, Foresman & Co., 623 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago. P. K.

The E. M. Lohmann Co., (385 St. Peter St., St. Paul, Minn.), are the publishers of "The Holy Hour," a 16-page booklet with "A Way to Assist at the Holy Hour," by Rev. C. E. Dowd. The booklet bears the *Imprimatur* of the Bishop of LaCrosse. Price, 10¢ per copy, \$7.50 per 100.

"The Sleeping Beauty," an attractive fairy tale in two acts, dramatized by Marie Schmidt, with incidental music by Ludwig Bonvin, is a recent publication of the Catholic Dramatic Co., Brooten, Minn. Price: text only, 45¢; Vocal Score, \$1.25.

"Shower of Roses," a poem by Myrtle Conger, which appeared originally in *Extension Magazine*, has been set to music by Mrs. John F. Dooley, Albany, Oregon.

"Dads' Musings." By P. J. Donovan. J. H. Meier, publisher, 64 W. Randolph St., Chicago. Price, \$1.00. Meet "Dad" and "Ma" and "Dusty." You will enjoy their company. "Dad" is not only entertaining but he will also exert an influence for good. A. B.

"Plain Talks on Marriage." By Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M., Missionary. St. Francis Book Shop, 1615 Republic St., Cincinnati.

This is a most welcome book for all, laymen as well as clergy. It is an ideal gift for the bridal couple. The delicate subject of marriage is treated in a clear, yet exhaustive manner. The chapters on the Education of Children, Husband and Wife, are very good. May it find its way to all married people. A. B.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Hidden Gold

CHAPTER X

RUMBLINGS

THE letter was written on old, yellowed paper, which was cracking at the edges, and the handwriting was in pencil, an illiterate scrawl, which took Jasper some few minutes to decipher. But even as he wondered how the woman found out his name and address, both Madame and the letter faded from his mind, as he felt his heart glow at the thought that here was the Sisters' first little guest, and he stared unseeing at the paper, and debated within himself whether to write or get the little one himself. He would have to see Sister Elsa Marie first, and if she thought it well, he would go for the child at once.

"Well, don't stare a hole in the paper," reminded Madame.

"What? Oh, yes," replied her husband, still absorbed in his thoughts. Without a word, he folded up the letter and slipped it into his breast pocket. He seemed to have forgotten that his wife awaited an explanation.

"No, you don't walk off like that!" she cried, grasping his arm. "What tomfoolery is this? Tell me; I've a right to know."

"Tomfoolery! What—oh, you mean the letter. Excuse me, my dear; I was so wrapped up in thought, I quite forgot. Why, no; it is not my orphanage. The lady has it wrong; the Sisters of St. Joseph are opening an orphanage."

"Well, how does it happen that you are mixed up in it?"

"Oh!" Jasper laughed. "You see, I was going around getting donations of furniture for them, and in that way, someone probably got the erroneous idea that I was starting an orphanage." But Madame was not appeased.

"Well, that's a fine idea for people to have. If you would put all that time and energy into improving my business, for instance, what a business it would be! Why couldn't you interest yourself in ladies' beautiful garments, like Paquin or Poiret or Worth? It would be something worth while to do instead of running around the city doing errands for orphanages, and hunting up strange brats. Next you'll be wanting to adopt a few more, just to make the house merry." Jasper smiled and arched his brows.

"Not a bad idea, Cynthia—I mean adopting 'a few more.' As for following in the footsteps of the creators of fashions, I am afraid I haven't enough imagination for that." Madame looked at him in a vexed way, and shook her head hopelessly.

"I can't for the life of me see what pleasure you find in that foolish charity work. I should think you'd be more interested in helping me build up a fortune like some men have done."

"Cynthy," he said gravely, fixing his honest grey eyes affectionately upon her, "I am building a fortune—one that no one can take from me, one that no financial panic can affect, of which no one can defraud me. My dearest wish is, that you will some day share it with me." She dropped her eyes, strangely affected, and unable to meet his glance. Then she tried to shake off the strange feeling and replied with one of her usual speeches.

"Oh, it is absolutely useless to try to do anything with you. I sometimes feel like shaking you just to get all the mooning stuff out of you. I have about ten gowns to deliver, so you'd better hurry."

He sighed and followed her, feeling that her case was just as hopeless as she thought his was. His dream of a perfect understanding and affection between them seemed farther off than ever; the empty void in his heart that cried out for love and sympathy ached more than ever, but he covered it up with a prayer, and bravely taking a number of boxes under each arm, he started forth.

In the days that followed, he had the happiness of calling for little Teeny Alden, and installing her with the good Sisters on Penn Street. The child, never having seen a nun before, was extremely shy and afraid, but after Jasper had appeased her with an ice cream cone and a bag of candy, and the Sisters had given her a doll which someone had sent along with the donated furniture, she at last consented to remain.

He came home a little late that day, and Madame looked askance at him as he entered the Salon.

"I am always afraid to look at you when you come in," she told him, "for fear you will be leading some urchin by the hand, and demand to adopt him. Well, where were you today?"

"Brought little Martina Alden to the orphanage. She will be well taken care of there. The nuns are such dear women. I wish you could meet them, Cynthy." Madame made a wry face.

"Pretty soon you will try to drag me into your charity schemes. No thanks; I've enough to keep me busy here."

"Oh, Cynthia! If I only could! It would be the greatest happiness of my life. But look! Who is that woman looking in the front showwindow? She seems not to be looking at the gowns in the window, but searching for someone in here. There; now she is gone. Now she is peeping in again. What can she want?" Cynthia did not answer; instead, she had gone deathly pale, and her hands began to tremble so, she could hardly baste together the material she was holding. Valiantly she strove to control herself, and turned her back so the woman could not see her.

"Who can she be?" she said, quite calmly to her husband.

"I will go and see." But Madame grasped his arm in alarm.

"No; don't go out there. She may mean harm to someone. There are so many holdups nowadays." Jasper laughed.

"I am not afraid. I will ask her if she is looking for someone. If she is a suspicious character, she will hustle out of sight. She wouldn't dare hold me up in broad daylight." But Madame would not hear of it.

"No, sir! You are not going out there. I'll not have you putting yourself in danger." Jasper was touched by her solicitousness, but he felt a little uneasy himself, and believed that a danger faced fearlessly was half conquered. So he pulled himself loose from Madame's clinging hands, and walked straight for the door. When the woman saw him approaching, she swiftly disappeared around the corner, just as Jasper surmised she would. He came back smiling, only to find that Cynthia had gone from the Salon. He waited around awhile, thinking she would come back, but when she did not, he went back into the house to look for her, for she had not told him what deliveries he was to make that day. He found her lying across the bed, trembling as with an ague.

"Why, Cynthia, what is the matter? Are you ill?" For answer, her teeth chattered, and she curled up all a-shiver.

"Cover me with something. I've a sudden chill—quick—brrrrr!" Jasper quickly brought two or three blankets from a near-by closet and covered his wife with them.

"Is there anything I can get you? A hot drink of some kind?" he queried anxiously.

"Is she gone?" was her reply.

"Why yes; she disappeared around the corner the moment she saw me. I wouldn't worry about it, Cynthia."

"She—she unnerved me. You never can tell nowadays—you know—there is so much banditry going on—and they sometimes use—a woman as a spy—oh, Jasper, are you sure—she is gone?"

"Why of course!" he said comfortingly, sitting beside her and patting her hand affectionately. "Don't you worry; if she comes around too often, I'll let the police in on it."

"Yes, after the mischief is done. We'd better call them at once and let them know about it." She sat up, wondering what Jasper thought of her childish behavior. "I suppose you think me very foolish; but since my illness, I go to pieces over every little thing. I suppose it is my nerves."

"Of course," replied her husband, deeply sympathetic. "I was afraid from the first that you went back to your work too soon. You should have rested a week or two. Don't you think you had better go back to the doctor for a tonic?"

"Oh no; I'll be all right directly. I will have to learn to control my nerves better. Will power; that is the thing—but, Jasper, go call up the police at once and tell them of this woman. Tell them to watch our house so as to circumvent any mischief." There was an extension telephone on a little table near the bed, and Jasper arose to obey her. Meanwhile, Madame watched him and listened tensely, her hands clenched together in her lap.

"There now," he said, putting down the receiver. "That will hold her, I think. They are going to send an officer over at once; he will keep watch, and if she reappears, he will promptly make himself acquainted with her business. So don't worry any more, my dear." Cynthia sighed with relief and arose, smothering out her rumpled frock, and running a comb through her carefully marcelled locks.

"Then I'll go down and try again. Work will steady me." Jasper looked at her over his glasses anxiously.

"Cynthia, I am afraid you are overdoing. Perhaps you had better just rest quietly in the house and read or something. Just tell me what boxes are to go out, and don't come into the Salon any more to-day." Strangely enough, she was willing.

"But I want you with me. Don't deliver any boxes to-day. I don't want to be left alone."

"Very well; but I've never known you to be afraid of anything before. You were always the bravest woman I ever knew; I haven't forgotten the day you put the insolent salesman out of the Salon, grasping his arm and literally pushing him out onto the sidewalk." Madame smiled wanly and shook her head.

"It is just a passing spell; I don't know why I should be so weak and fearful. Perhaps I do need rest."

"Of course; suppose you come downstairs and lie on the couch while I read to you?" She did so, and took a strange, new comfort in Jasper's thoughtful ministrations. But she only half heard the words he was reading; back in her head, a question persistently repeated itself—no, not one question, but three of them—"What is the woman doing here? What does she want of me? How did she find me?" She was alert to every noise and sound, and once, when the doorbell rang, she grew pale and trembled again, though she managed to hide it from Jasper.

Next day, she was back in the Salon, working quite as if nothing had happened, although she kept a furtive eye cocked toward the front of the store, and every time someone stopped before the window to admire the gowns on the wax models, she anxiously searched the

person's face, and each time it was that of a stranger, unknown to her, she breathed a sigh of relief. At last, when three weeks had passed, and her nemesis had not appeared, she began feel easier in her mind, although the police officer still patrolled the sidewalk before the window now and then. Sometimes, too, he watched from across the street, or at the corner, and a glance at his comforting blue coat and shining brass buttons steadied Madame at once.

But one day, just as all her fears had been laid to rest, and she thought of dismissing the officer with her thanks and a gift, her attention was attracted by a scuffle before the large front window. Her heart stood still, as she stood like one paralyzed, and watched the policeman struggle with a woman on the sidewalk—the woman she had been fearing all these weeks. He had seen her looking furtively between the wax models, trying to discover someone within, and her altogether suspicious actions had caused him to swiftly cross the street; he stood behind her a moment and watched, and having satisfied himself that she was spying upon someone within, he seized her, not without a struggle on her part.

Madame stood with needle poised in the air, the while she slowly felt her self-control return to her. All would be safe now, with the woman in the hands of the police.

"Who can it be?" asked Annie anxiously.

"Some woman spy; she was here three weeks ago. I saw her peeping in. But my husband notified the police."

"Weren't you frightened, Madame?"

"I was, but I am not any more. The police will take care of her." And she breathed a deep sigh of relief as the officer moved off with his struggling prisoner, and became almost gay with her helpers. In fact, the girls declared among themselves that they never knew her to be so pleasant. To top off her secret triumph, Maud came home with her report card for the third quarter, and proudly exhibited an average of 97%. Madame acted like one who had had a draught of exhilarating wine. Never demonstrative, she surprised Maud by suddenly throwing her arm around the child's neck, and giving her a resounding kiss on the cheek.

"There!" she said. "That is for being such an excellent scholar. Go show the girls your per cents." And she sent Maud back to the sewing room, where each girl was made to read and offer their praise of her excellent scholarship.

"And look at the medal I won for having the highest average of the class! Mother Morris gave it to me," she said to Madame, showing her a beautiful silver medal of the Immaculate Conception. A little later, Jasper came in, and he felt his heart exult as he looked at the report card and the prize his little girl received. He was being well repaid for all the love he expended on the lonely orphan, and he watched with secret joy the seeming pride with which Madame regarded her whom she had received so unwillingly into her home not a year since. Soon he was dreaming rosy dreams of a future in which the three of them would be united by bonds of undying affection. Cynthia, he told himself,

had a heart, if one only knew the way to it. He sat, buried in thought, while Madame repeated for the second time a remark she had made.

"I say!" she reiterated, prodding him out of his daydream. "We've caught the woman."

"What woman?"

"Well, now, don't pretend you don't know. The woman spy; the officer caught her spying on us again. We have nothing more to fear."

"Let us hope not."

"Oh, I am certain she won't try it again now that she knows the police are watching the place. Don't you think so?"

"Well, doubtless she will be very cautious from now on."

"Cautious! I hope she won't come at all, and then she won't have to be cautious. I wish you'd be a little less vague and discomforting, Jasper." He looked at her keenly, and knew what was wanted of him.

"Well, no; if you ask me, I don't think she'll ever show up around here any more. Rest easy on that score."

"You really think so?"

"Why, of course." He realized that with all her outward pride and brusqueness, she was leaning upon him in her present weakness, and felt that he had gained a point in her confidence. It was only a crumb from Love's richly laden table, but he grasped after it eagerly and was glad.

Things went on in their even tenor again, and Madame had all but forgotten the woman, when one afternoon the doorbell rang at the house entrance. No one was at home but Madame and her workwomen, so she went to answer it. Throwing open the door without a thought of who might be behind it, she nearly fainted when the woman of her fears boldly walked in and closed the door behind her. Too overcome to resent her visitor's entrance without an invitation, she backed against the opposite wall and leaned her head back for support, white and shaking.

"I just want a word with you, Cynthia," said "the nemesis." "I wish to thank you for rushing the police onto me; they had to let me go when they found I was innocent. I had meant no harm; I just wanted to satisfy myself that it was you. But now I see what a base-hearted person you are. Once we were inseparable; then I went to Europe as companion to old Mrs. Morgens. When I came back, some months ago, I found everything changed. You had disappeared; George was dead, Mary and her husband too, I have just learned. I traced you here—then you get the police after me! Cynthia, no punishment is too bad for you! I know everything; friends and neighbors told me all. Here you are, prosperous, honored, while those I loved lie in their graves, lonely and forgotten. It is not right that you should be happy and prosperous after what you have done. But I know what is proper, and I will do it. You have a good husband, who adores you and knows no wrong of you—you thought to run away from what was disagreeable—you thought to begin over again here where no one knew you, while those

who needed you were left to shift for themselves. I know the proper thing to do—your husband should know of this, and I AM GOING TO TELL HIM!”

Here Madame gave a little shriek and fainted in a heap on the floor. The woman, a little disconcerted over the result of her scathing words, dragged the heavy body to the couch, and, taking the precaution to lock all the doors, went for a glass of water. In a few moments, Madame revived, and lay, pale and gasping, with her eyes half closed.

“Eleanor,” she whispered, “don’t tell him—oh don’t don’t! I’ll give you anything—money, clothes, jewelry—anything you say, only don’t ruin my life by telling him!” Her companion eyed her coldly.

“You want pity and mercy now, when like a yellow coward, you selfishly turned away from those who so sorely needed you, and went to begin a new life, where you thought no one knew you. Do you call that right? No; the law can’t reach you here, but justice is justice, and I mean to administer it!” Madame groaned and closed her eyes.

“I know—I know I haven’t always done right, but it was such a cruel fate—it was more than I could bear.”

“Yes; but what of the others? Was not their fate even more so? No; I can see only one way. You see I come to you openly; I am telling you what I intend to do. And I shall not fail to do it!” And the woman arose and went toward the door. Madame suddenly leaped from the couch and fell on her knees at the former’s feet.

“Eleanor, don’t! No! Please! I will give you money, or anything I have. Name your price! What shall it be?” The woman’s eyes blazed.

“What do I want of your money? I am no pauper. I didn’t come for money, I came for justice’ sake! And justice I shall have!” Madame still knelt, grasped the woman’s hands, and begged hysterically.

“Say rather revenge! You came for revenge!”

“Let it be revenge then; call it what you like,” replied the woman, unmoved. Madame suddenly arose and got her check book.

“Say what it is you want. How much? Come, I have no time to waste here. My business and my customers are waiting!” She had suddenly changed from pleading and hysterics to proud impatience. The woman was silent a moment. Then a sinister gleam glinted in her eye. There were many ways of taking revenge.

“Make it five hundred!” she rapped out crisply. Madame breathed a sigh of relief. She was afraid it would be more. Ripping out the check, she handed it to “Eleanor,” who promptly departed.

(To be continued)

Mother Mary Amadeus

This great missionary was born at Akron, Ohio, on July 2, 1846. Descended from the ancient Kings of Iregan, of the Emerald Isle, her father, who landed on our shores in 1800, met his future wife ten years later. They were married at Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1834.

Mother Amadeus, baptized Sarah, was the fifth child, and though everyone called her “the beautiful Sarah,” no one dreamed she would some day be the “glory of the Ursulines” and the “Theresa of Alaska.” Understanding early the great doctrine of the Eucharist, she was admitted at the tender age of eight to her First Holy Communion, which was a thing unheard of at that time.

Her life was one of sunshine and joy while at home; her face mirrored her character—there were no angles—all curves, sweet, attractive, and sunny. Then her mother’s health began to fail, and the father, having gone to California to settle a new home for his family, wrote for his wife, hoping the climate would benefit her. It was decided then to entrust the two little girls to the Ursuline boarding school at Cleveland, and it was the last time the little Sarah ever saw her mother. Bright, diligent, and studious, she soon won the highest marks in her school work.

Two years after entering boarding school, at the close of the children’s retreat, she made a vow of chastity at the foot of our Lady’s statue, and often during her play she would stop and tell the girls that “some day she would be a missionary in the Rocky Mountains and in Alaska.” After their graduation, the two sisters decided to remain and become Ursulines, but for a time, their people objected. So the girls wrote home, saying “very well, we’ll come home, but if our lives prove unhappy, the blame will be on you.” This decided the good parents, and they felt they must not interfere with God’s designs. Accordingly, they forwarded their consent and blessing.

Sarah was, from the very first day of her novitiate, the darling and hope of the community. Her unvarying amiability, unruffled temper, and deep-seated habit of penance delighted her superiors’ hearts, and they hoped for great things from her.

On Sept. 2, 1862, she was invested with the habit of the Ursulines, receiving the name of Mary Amadeus, which was chosen because, even as a child, she had always been the pet of Bishop Amadeus Rappe of Cleveland. Professed in 1864, she was elected Superior ten years later. Meanwhile, a farmer one day made a remark to Father Lindesmith, the great missionary, as he passed by, that “if he could only get some Sisters to teach the wild Cheyenne, it would do more good than the Government guns.”

This remark took root, and thirty Ursulines offered themselves for the great work in the wilds of Montana, among them Mother Amadeus. Soon they were speeding toward the West—six out of the thirty. When they arrived, nothing was prepared for them, and they were forced to board all in one room, for accommodations were scant in Miles City in 1884. But soon they rented a tiny house, and the great work began at once. They founded St. Labré’s and St. Paul’s in Montana and later, a motherhouse in Seattle, where the climate was milder.

In 1910 Mother Amadeus extended her work still further. It had always been her ambition to teach the little ones of frozen Alaska, and though crippled by

an accident, and oftener suffering, she nevertheless went on to found the various Ursuline missions in the Arctic regions. Cold, privation, and hunger were often their grim guests, but what cares a spouse of Christ for a little thing like that?

The missions she founded are flourishing to-day, but to read all the wondrous details of her holy life, one must get the book written by one of her nuns. She died like a saint on Nov. 10, 1919.

Too Much Sugar

Although every child must have its daily apportionment of sugar in the diet, yet there is a tendency to-day to allow the child to indulge inordinately in sweets, resulting in much of the kidney trouble and diabetes which is so prevalent. Go to any school, and watch the youngster at noon and evenings, and you will see the nearest drug store or candy shop simply besieged. Many come daily to school with dimes, quarters, even half dollars to spend as they wish, and one can easily guess in which direction the coins soon disappear. Result—teeth decayed two or three years before their time, impaired digestion, poor appetite, and weakened stomachs.

One mother allowed her baby to eat "all the candy he wants because it is extra good stuff—\$1.00 a pound—won't hurt him." Then she wondered why the child never had any appetite at his meals, or why his complexion was so yellow and unhealthy looking. Another was so piled with candies and cakes and fancy dyed ice creams and ices by foolish, doting aunties and grandmas and grandpas, who thought it a crime to allow a day to go by without giving some concrete proof of their love, that the poor innocent broke down and was confined to his bed three months, battling with acute kidney trouble. A year after, he was still on a meatless diet, with only spinach, carrots, baked potatoes, and dry bread to eat. Poor innocent! So much indulgence at first, and then such a stringent fast, which would have been totally unnecessary had his elders understood that real kindness does not mean indulgence.

Children should be allowed but a very little candy; let the natural hunger between meals be satisfied with plenty of fruit—especially apples. Dried prunes and raisins are a welcome dainty, supplying sweetness, iron, and laxative properties as well. If ice cream is given, let it be pure and the white uncolored kind. Artificial dyes in ice creams and ices are never healthy.

Some Facts About Milk

A week or two ago three members of a family were poisoned and all but lost their lives because of drinking the milk of an infected cow. It is best to drink the mixed milk of a number of cows, because if one of them becomes infected with some disease, the effect of the germs is almost obliterated by the milk from the healthy ones.

Fat is present in milk in the form of an emulsion—tiny particles of it are held in suspension by thin

albuminous membranes. When milk is beaten, these membranes are broken and the fat sticks together—thus forming butter.

Milk looks like a simple fluid, but really it is very complex. It contains a mixture of all the important things that make up a mixed diet. It is good fuel, because it contains fat and sugar. Hence, he who drinks plenty of milk seldom feels the cold, since it acts as coal does to the steam engine, or gasoline to the automobile engine.

With Nature, there is no such thing as spoilt milk. Milk that has soured is still a beneficial food. It should never be thrown away, but may always be put to some use, such as muffins, griddle cakes, and cottage cheese. It is easy for the housewife to make cottage cheese out of a bottle of milk that has soured. Let stand until very thick, then put into a bowl and pour over the same amount of hot water as you have milk. Let stand five minutes, then drain through cheese cloth, squeezing gently, until quite dry. Then beat up with two tablespoons cream and a little salt. The longer you beat, the more creamy it becomes.

To prepare cheese for cheese cake, take cottage cheese, add one egg, sugar to taste, and a little vanilla. Then beat. Spread on top of rich bread dough, sprinkle with cinnamon and dot with raisins.

If your boy or girl seems dull in school, or takes cold easily, be sure he or she is not getting enough vitamins. Plenty of milk will wipe out these conditions, and the sooner we realize this truth, the better.

Household Hints

Wrap cheese in a cloth wrung out of vinegar and it will keep fresh.

Absorbent cotton will filter muddy water.

Keep a small scratch block handy and jot down your grocery needs as they occur to you; then you won't have to go back for something you have forgotten.

Label all bundles that are to be packed away in a closet shelf, whether for a short, or a long time. It will save much rummaging and opening of parcels.

Recipes

FLANK STEAK ROLL: Take a nice-sized flank steak and slash well with a knife, but not through the meat; dust with salt and pepper on both sides. Then in a mixing bowl, put three cups dry bread crumbs, 3 eggs, salt, pepper, a tablespoon of lard (melted), a teaspoon of ground nutmeg, half a minced onion, a little cut-up celery and parsley, and milk enough to moisten sufficiently to mix well—but not too moist. Spread on the steak, roll and tie. Put in a buttered baking dish, dot with butter, four or five slices of onion, a little catsup or Worcestershire sauce, and pour a cup of water in the pan. Bake in a moderate oven until tender, basting and turning carefully.

WAFFLES: 1¼ cup flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, a little sugar, if liked. Add yokes and whites beaten separately. If too thick, add ½ cup milk.

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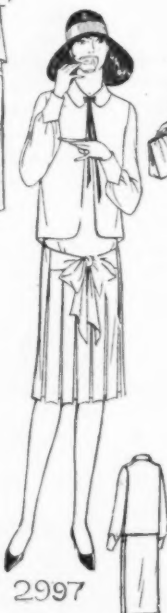
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